WORLD SOCCER

MAY 1968 TWO SHILLINGS and SIXPENCE

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PLAY AS THEY TRAIN

Forthcoming events—MAY

by ERIC BATTY

THE manner in which a team plays is now almost entirely dependent on the way in which they train. At national level, with little or no opportunity to train as a team this presents real problems, for it remains true that players with different conceptions of the game will not be able to blend. The individual players' ideas on how the game should be played are developed at club level where he does at least 99% of his training if one reviews his career as a whole.

This problem is one of the greatest headaches for managers and coaches in charge of national teams. Not perhaps the biggest single problem, which is surely the conflict of interests between club and country. Both these topics spring readily to mind when one surveys the international calendar for May. On the 1st of the month three teams are playing who have to face up to the fact that their interests are always placed after those of the clubs. For Luxembourg, who have the Anderlecht inside-forward star Joseph Jurion taking over at the end of the season, the problems are aggravated by the fact that practically all their current national squad play for foreign clubs. Not only is it difficult to obtain their release for matches — it is almost impossible to get them all together for seven days' preparation.

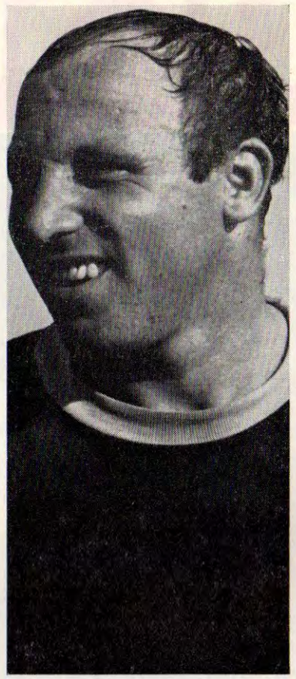
The same can be said of the Republic of Ireland, whose players are largely drawn from English clubs. Many a time, the Irish players have played in league matches on Saturday and then either flown or caught the night boat to Dublin in order to play for Eire on Sunday afternoon. In these circumstances and running the risk of having half their team injured on Saturday and having to bring deputies over at short notice, the Irish officials are to be complimented on turning out 11 players. When they win it must be regarded as a near miracle.

Jurisdiction

If Luxembourg and Eire have to beg the release of players from clubs over which they have no jurisdiction, the problems facing the Dutch national team could be more easily overcome. Their central problem stems from the fact that between them, Feijenoord and Ajax manage to attract most of the top-class players in the country. Whichever of the two is on top the other is never very far away and if one or both clubs sometimes hint that their players will not be released for lengthy training sessions it occasionally reaches the point where a club refuses point blank.

In this case the ultimate weapon lies in the hands of the FA who could — if they had the courage — refuse to sanction their champions' entry into the European Cup. They would need to do this only once, but it's unlikely that they ever will.

The Polish national team which plays both Holland and Eire this month as well as East Germany is far better off in this respect. In common with all the East European teams there is a logical and rational relationship between the FA and the clubs. No one is ever forced to play at a time when the FA needs players but at the same time the clubs are never permitted to say no. For Richard Konciewiecz, back in office after little more than a year's absence, the problems are different. Basing his selection on the top teams, Ruch, Legia and Gornik, the individual players have no common conception of the game. This in part explains the often mediocre performances put on by Poland, who have frequently been able to field many fine players whose collective performance has been mediocre or even bad. The recent performances of Gornik Zabrze against Manchester United prove conclusively that the Polish national team now has the players to meet anyone on equal terms. The problem now is to develop a common understanding of the game between all the chosen players and this will be Mr. Konciewiecz's main task.



Is Uwe Seeler on the way out of the German national team which is being re-built for the 1970 World Cup? (Met.)

The Month's Games

1	Luxembourg v. Belgium B	Luxembourg
	Poland v. Holland	Warsaw
	Rep. of Ireland v. France	Dublin
2	Sweden v. Spain	Malmo
5	Poland v. East Germany	Stettin
8	Wales v. West Germany	Cardiff
	Spain v. England	Madrid
	Yugoslavia v. Rumania	Belgrade
15	Republic of Ireland v. Poland	Dublin
22	England v. Sweden	Wembley
30	Holland v Scotland	Amsterdam

Less enviable

Certainly the Swedish boss, Orvar Bergmark, is in a far less enviable position. Having taken his squad to Israel and Spain before the Swedish domestic campaign began, he now faces two stiff tests in the return match with Spain and the visit to Wembley. The last time Sweden visited England they registered an unexpected but nonetheless well deserved 3-2 win, but with their best players constantly being tempted abroad and Mr. Bergmark feeling forced to "borrow" at least two or three foreign-based players it seems highly improbable that they will even test what is a very *strong* England team. Judging by the recent performance of the Swedish champions Malmo against Liverpool recently, Mr. Bergmark will do well to organise a very tight defensive team.

From the England point of view this fixture is obviously no more than a loosener designed to help bridge the gap between qualifying for the European Championship and the semi-finals in early June. The full strength England squad should be able to give Sweden four goals start and still hand out a real thrashing. In case the game should turn into a rout it would be as well to keep this thought in mind for it seems that some people assumed that Mr. Ramsey was being perfectly serious when he said recently that the present England team was ... "the best team that ever was or ever will be".

I have frequently had the feeling that Mr. Ramsey was developing a wry sense of humour which was often misunderstood. This quote and the reference to "animals" following England's World Cup match with Argentina in 1966 are two good examples. In neither case did he intend his words to be taken literally but the press, always on the look-out for a "good line", do precisely that.

Reinforced

Finally, a word about the Wales–West Germany match. Having reinforced his position in 1966, Helmut Schon is clearly out to rebuild in time for the 1970 series. Uwe Seeler and perhaps Willi Schulz, for so long the backbone of the German team, are surely on the way out, and at Ninian Park the accent will certainly be on youth. This does not necessarily mean that the German XI will be sub-standard, for as they showed recently in Brussels when they beat Belgium 3-1, the Germans are not short of young, talented players.

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

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FRONT COVER PICTURE

England's Geoff Hurst (left) chases the ball with Ron McKinnon of Scotland. (LPA.)

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Attendances are Booming

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

Each month on these pages we go back over the major internationals played since the last issue. The particular games featured are indicated at the head of the article for quick reference.

by GORDON JEFFERY

THE MONTH'S MATCHES

Jan.	10:	Israel 0 Belgium 2	Tel Aviv
Feb.	2:	East Germany 2 Czechoslovakia 2	Santiago
,,	14:	Israel 2 Switzerland 1	Tel Aviv
,,	21:	Cyprus 2 Switzerland 1	(EFC) Nicosia
,,	24:	Scotland 1 England 1	(EFC) Glasgow
,,	28:	Wales 2 N. Ireland 0	(EFC) Wrexham
,,	28:	Spain 3 Sweden 1	Seville
Mar.	6:	Belgium 1 West Germany 3	Brussels

THE above list, bringing the record up-to-date, does not adequately represent the total of activity during the first quarter of 1968—even allowing that it excludes Asian and African international football. The African Nations, incidentally, are in a tremendous hurry to catch up on time lost. It was not until January 21 of this year that Congo Kinshasa defeated Ghana by the only goal of the Final of the VIth African Cup of Nations but just one day later the groupings were made for the VIIth African Cup of Nations. The Asian nations, too, bristle with tournaments and, as I have suggested, there was more activity by European and Latin American nations than the above short list indicates.

This is, of course, the quiet period of international football with the winter conditions over much of Europe making the playing of football a physical impossibility and with the rest of Europe, often in not very pleasant weather conditions and against a possibility of frequent postponement of fixtures, very much concerned with progressing their national championship and cup competitions; and with the Latin Americans filling in their close season from national league championships with hot weather tournaments of varying degrees of seriousness.

Yet several of the clubs and national teams from the European countries where football had closed down because of the extreme cold and ground conditions have been happily touring the warm lands south of the equator—the moral being, I suppose, that it can be too cold for football but not too hot!

The East Germany–Czechoslovakia international listed above was played in "exile" for both national teams. It was one of the matches played in Chile's Octagonal Tournament held in Santiago and about which I have written at greater length in the South American Commentary in this issue. But apart from that match, and the others in the tournament against Brazilian, Chilean, Argentinian and Hungarian club sides, both national sides were engaged in a full programme with thoughts of Mexico very much in their minds—Mexico in both the 1968 Olympics and the 1970 World Cup. East Germany are due to play Bulgaria home and away in April, and Czechoslovakia to play the Soviet Union, with the winners of the two ties qualifying for the Olympics in Mexico; and it is unlikely that there will be much between the Full International side and the Olympic selection of those four mentioned nations!

In Europe as a whole, as I write, eight nations still have a direct interest in the European Football Championship—

England v. Spain playing April 3 and May 8.

France v. Yugoslavia playing April 6 and April 24.

Bulgaria v. Italy playing April 6 and April 20, and Hungary v. Soviet Union playing May 4 and May 11.

One hopes that Europe as a whole will maintain interest in the competition until the Championship is completed but it is fair to accept that when West Germany went to the Heysel Stadium in Brussels to play Belgium they had put thoughts of their failure to qualify for the European quarter-finals behind them, and were looking ahead to Group 7 of the European Qualifying Competition for the 1970 World Cup.

Before looking to West Germany and Belgium, however, it is worth noting that three of the period's International matches concluded the preliminary match programme for the European Football Championship and, aided by the 134,000 turn-out at Hampden Park, brought the total attendances at the 90 matches to over two and three-quarter million or an average of approximately 31,000 per match.

A very good average, particularly when it is appreciated, as UEFA noted in announcing the figures, that many of the matches were played in small stadia. Not that the smallest attendances were necessarily in the smaller grounds nor in those between the smallest countries, with Switzerland only narrowly avoiding the lowest figure.

With no official return yet recorded for the Cyprus–Switzerland match played in Nicosia in mid-February (the estimate reported was 12,000, but many such estimates turn out to be far from reality as, for one random example, the estimated 103,000 at Moscow for the Soviet Union–Austria match. The official return was 72,142) the quite interesting picture in respect of the 40,000-plus and the under-10,000 attendances in the various groups is:

Group One—Spain, Czechoslovakia, Rep. of Ireland, and Turkey

No attendance above 40,000 (the highest was 37,000 at Dublin for the opening match between the Republic of Ireland and Spain).

Two below-10,000: Ireland's home match in Dublin against the Czechs (6,257) and, most oddly, the return match in Prague when the home side needed only one point to qualify for the quarter-finals. Yet the attendance was only 7,615!

Group Two—Bulgaria, Sweden, Norway and Portugal

One 40,000-plus—the match at Stockholm's Solna between Sweden and Portugal. The Swedes, still jubilant about their victory over Eusebio and Co. in Lisbon the previous November, played before 48,000 spectators.

There was one other attendance falling only narrowly below 40,000 (39,795 at Sofia when Portugal were the visitors) and none that were below 10,000.

Group Three—USSR, Austria, Finland and Greece

Somewhat surprisingly only one large attendance—72,142 at Moscow for the home match against the Austrians, but only one below 10,000—7,793 at Turku when Finland played the Soviet Union.

Group Four—Yugoslavia, West Germany and Albania

One bumper attendance (70,573) at Hamburg for the important West German match against Yugoslavia. None under 10,000.

Group Five—Hungary, E. Germany, Netherlands and Denmark

Good all-round attendances with none below 18,487 (at Budapest when Hungary played host to the Danes) and four above 40,000.

Netherlands v. Hungary at Amsterdam	61,600
Netherlands v. E. Germany at Amsterdam	45,000
Hungary v. E. Germany at Budapest	69,871
E. Germany v. Hungary at Leipzig	48,872

Group Six — Italy, Rumania, Switzerland and Cyprus

Contrasting attendances were inevitable in this group but the oddity was that of the three home matches played by Switzerland one was in the 40,000-plus élite group and another amongst the lowest of all attendances.

Two over-40,000 in the group—68,000 at Naples for the Italy v. Rumania match; and 53,137 at Berne for the Swiss–Italian "derby".

Four below-10,000: Cyprus's home matches at Nicosia against Rumania (4,800) and Italy (5,380), Rumania v. Cyprus in Bucharest (9,412) and, at Lugano, 3,737 to see Switzerland play Cyprus.

Group Seven—France, Belgium, Poland, Luxembourg

France, with that astonishing habit of winning the vital competitive matches even though they cannot win a friendly, headed the group on points but their supporters scarcely rallied to their matches. There were more low attendances in this group than in any other but the aggregate was helped by a couple of large turn-outs for Poland's matches against Belgium and France—it is a matter for conjecture whether the France match in Warsaw would have attracted over 50,000 if Poland had failed to win the earlier one against Belgium.

Over 40,000:

Poland v. Belgium at Chorzow	57,000
Poland v. France at Warsaw	51,010
Belgium v. France at Brussels	43,409

Five below 10,000—Luxembourg's home matches against France (3,465), Belgium (9,107) and Poland (7,229), Belgium's match in Bruges against Luxembourg (6,745) and France's match against Luxembourg in Paris (7,500).

Group Eight—England, Scotland, N. Ireland and Wales

The "four" have been playing against each other for nearly a century now in the British Home Championship and without the appeal of "new" opposition the attendances might have suffered. Instead they present ample evidence of the tremendous football enthusiasm that continues to exist in Britain. The two meetings between the junior pair, Wales and N. Ireland, did fall slightly below 18,000 (17,770 at Belfast and 17,500 at Wrexham—the final match played in the entire qualifying competition for the European Football Championship and with no more at stake than the chance of the home country avoiding the wooden spoon!). At Cardiff, at the beginning of the group programme of matches there was an attendance of 33,269 to see the match against Scotland, otherwise every attendance topped not only the 40,000 but the 45,000 mark with the Scotland–England match the top of all EFC attendances.

None below 10,000 and nine above 40,000:

N. Ireland v. England at Belfast	48,000
Scotland v. N. Ireland at Glasgow	45,281
England v. Wales at Wembley	75,380
England v. Scotland at Wembley	100,000
Wales v. England at Cardiff	45,050
N. Ireland v. Scotland at Belfast	46,300
England v. N. Ireland	85,000
Scotland v. Wales at Glasgow	55,549
Scotland v. England at Glasgow	134,000

Europe as a whole want the British "four" spread around for the qualifying groups in the next EFC. Apart from many other considerations, a glance at the average home attendance for the main contenders in the recently concluded qualifying series gives point to their request. I make the order:

England	87,000
Scotland	78,000
W. Germany	50,000
Italy	48,000
Netherlands	44,000
USSR	40,000
Poland	40,000
Hungary	38,000
N. Ireland	37,000
E. Germany	33,000
Wales	32,000
Greece	31,000
Austria	31,000
Spain	30,000

After which it is something of an anti-climax to note that the visit of the West Germans attracted a mere 10,000 fans to the Heysel in Brussels. There were reasons—notably that the weather was shocking with rain falling heavily as a change from snow. Main interest in the match was that the Germans introduced four young forwards to Full International football—perhaps at 27 the Eintracht Brunswick player, Maas, who came on as substitute for Volkert, can scarcely be considered young these days, but Volkert (Nuremberg) is 22, Koppel (VfB Stuttgart) is 19 and Laumen (M'Gladbach) is 24. Volkert and Laumen celebrated their appearance by scoring.

Irish hero Pat Jennings had no chance with this one—a second-half header by Welsh leader Wyn Davies. (A.)

The miss of the match between Scotland and England at Hampden Park with England goalkeeper Gordon Banks palming a corner from Charlie Cooke on to the crossbar and despite the ball dropping right in front of John Hughes (9) the Celtic leader stabbed the ball past a post from little more than a yard out! (A.)

CHAMPS MAY GO DOWN

ILIJA PANTELIC. (Met.)

YUGOSLAVIA

THE proposed Yugoslavia–Bulgaria international was re-labelled a Belgrade XI v. a Sofia XI after the Bulgarians had insisted that the match not be classed as a full international. In front of only ten thousand people Belgrade let an interval 3-1 lead slip away and had to be content with a 3-3 draw. Scorers were Musemic (2) and an own goal for the hosts while Kotkov (2) and Popov replied for the visitors.

Recent figures released by the FA indicate that there are now 1,396 professionals under contract in Yugoslavia, 472 in Division I and 924 in Division II which because of its regional basis contains 36 clubs.

Yugoslavia have lost more players to foreign clubs than any other country in the world despite introducing rules restricting the movement of players a short while ago. Now reports show that two more of their biggest stars are unhappy. The pair — fellow internationals Dragan Dzajic (Red Star) and Ilija Pantelic (Vojvodina) — were set to leave their homes on June 1 to seek fame and fortune (mainly the latter) elsewhere. But the new rules state that all players must take a minimum two-year contract with their club and then and only then will the FA sanction a move. They also decreed that the maximum signing-on bonus or share of the fee if transferred would be 100,000 Dinars (£3,000) for capped players but even less (£2,000) for uncapped players.

Turning to league fare, Partizan Belgrade currently top the chart with 27 points from 19 games. They are two clear of Red Star, three of Zeleznicar and four of Dynamo Zagreb. At the bottom OFK Belgrade, thought to be doomed to relegation until recently, have been rejuvenated thanks to the return to the country of Dragoslav Sekularec from North America and the fact that their manager, former international star Milos Milutinovic, has made a comeback. They now have 14 points from 19 games, one behind Radnicki and champions Sarajevo from the same number of games played. In their last two matches they have drawn with Partizan 1-1 and defeated Dynamo 1-0. On that form it seems likely they will avoid the drop after all.

WEST GERMANY

WITH six games left FC Nurnberg are four points clear from Borussia Monchen-Gladbach and Werder Bremen in the title chase and have 37 points. On 32 come Bayern Munchen but they have played one game fewer (27) compared to the others. Nurnberg's recent draw with Werder (0-0) brought them their third consecutive draw while for Werder it meant that they had dropped their first point in seven outings. At one time it seemed that FCN would run away with the title under the leadership of their manager, Max Merkel, but his methods appear to be losing their impact and to add to their worries top scorer Franz Brungs hasn't scored for nine games and is now five behind Lohr of Koln. Meyer (Gladbach) on 19 and Emmerich (Dortmund) on 17 are their nearest challengers.

Bayern, however, missed a great chance to make up some of the leeway, for on the same day as Nurnberg lost 1-0 at Kaiserslautern they went down in the derby with 1860 by 3-2.

Ironically, Bayern, European Cup-Winners' Cup and German Cup holders, were drawn to play Merkel's flailing heroes when the draw for the quarter-finals of the DFB Pokal were made. The other ties are — Borussia Dortmund v. Hertha, VfL Bochum v. Gladbach, and Eintracht Brunswick v. Koln or Eintracht Frankfurt. Koln, incidentally, have announced that in July 1968 Hans Merkle (no relation) at present with Young Boys in Switzerland, will be commencing a two-year contract as their new boss.

The German FA recently invited applications from clubs who would like to stage games for the 1974 World Cup to be staged there. They also issued the following conditions to which hopeful clubs must adhere to stand a chance of holding some matches. They want grounds whose minimum capacity must be 60,000, 50% of which must be seats and at least two-thirds of the seats must be under cover. They must have had an empty post bag, for not one of their clubs' own stadiums meet those requirements. One bright light, however, is that Munich, the only city in Germany with two representatives in the Bundesliga who between them share a stadium which holds only 43,000, will be building a new 100,000 capacity ground in time for the 1972 Olympics which have also been allocated to the Germans.

FRANCE

ONLY ten games left and champions St. Etienne have virtually an unassailable lead over Marseille in the league. At the bottom a sudden three wins in a row spurt by Rouen including a surprise 3-0 win over the Saints has hoisted them off the bottom and left AIX three points behind the field. It seems miraculous but considering the poor support for clubs in France these days it was not a complete surprise when the 8,631 crowd who turned out to see Rouen beat Bordeaux proved to be the biggest of the day in Division I!

Marseille's Joseph leads the goalscorers' charts with 16 goals from 28 games, one ahead of Sansonetti (Ajaccio) and two in front of Salem (Sedan), Revelli (St. Etienne) and Di Nallo (Lyon).

In Division II old favourites Rheims (former European Cup finalists) could still gain promotion. With a game in hand they are only two points behind second placed Toulon. Bastia are top with 35 points from 24 games (two less than Toulon) and seem set for the rise.

And from Rheims comes the news that Raymond Kopa, who retired at the end of last season after 17 years with the club and for a time coached the club's youth squad, has been invited to become a director. As he is already vice-president of the French Players' Union, his position if he accepts must be unique, to say the least!

The 1968 French Cup has been one for the giant-killers. Amateurs Gazalee previously knocked out First Division Ajaccio before going out 2-0 to Bordeaux. Then US Quevilly, who hail from Rouen, beat the holders Olympique Lyon 1-0. Division II Angouleme shocked Rouen 2-0 and amateurs Dunkerque beat another First Division side, Nice, also by 1-0.

In the quarter-finals St. Etienne beat Metz 1-0 while the amateurs met at Rouen, Quevilly coming through 4-0 against Dunkerque. The other two ties went to extra time with the Bordeaux–Strasbourg clash needing a replay while Angouleme beat Sochaux (fifth in Division I) 2-1.

ITALY

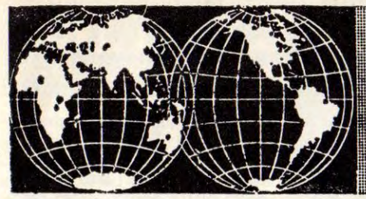
UNDER Nereo Rocco AC Milan have emerged from the shadows of fellow San Siro lodgers Internazionale to win the *Scudetto*. As they made sure with a home 1-0 win over Brescia, giving them a nine-point lead, Inter, whose form improves with every game, moved into joint second place when they beat Torino in Turin 3-2, while last year's champions and European Cup semi-finalists Juventus had a good 2-1 win over Naples, also away.

At the foot of Serie A Mantova, last year's draw specialists, seem booked for Serie B with either Brescia or Spal the most likely to accompany them. AC also head the scorers' lists with winger Prati on 15, followed by Savoldi (Atalanta), Altafini (Naples) and Combin (Torino) on 12, Riva of Cagliari on 10.

Juventus have been in the news a lot lately. Firstly, in a rough league encounter their captain, Luigi Sacco, was asked by the referee to calm his players. Receiving no response the official reported him to the FA for which he found himself under a week's suspension. Secondly, when the announcement was made that Swiss referee Othmar Huber was to officiate in their European Cup quarter-final play-off with Eintracht Brunswick, Juve protested to UEFA, the competition organisers, who finally backed down and gave the job to 1966 World Cup Final referee Gottfried Dienst instead! In Berne they went on to beat the Germans by a single goal and as an incentive to win their players were offered something like £1,400 bonus per man if they did so.

Also under suspension are Roma's former Inter winger Jair and Dordoni of Sampdoria. The story goes that Dordoni niggled Jair throughout their match with taunts like "filthy nigger" and the coloured flyer reacted by striking him. Result? Dordoni one week's suspension while Jair gets four.

Protests have also been sent in the direction of the Italian FA from both Serie A and B clubs regarding the stiff taxes on football clubs. The government takes a cut of approximately £10,000,000 from clubs every year under the entertainments tax, while the Olympico Nacional Italiana takes nearly two million more. This is why admission charges are so high in Calcio. Now it seems the clubs are tired of meeting the heavy demands and are seeking a fairer deal.



AROUND THE WORLD STORIES

FLEURY DI NALLO. (Met.)

SPAIN

CLUB DEPORTIVO MALAGA are to be congratulated on their attitude towards their own players concerning the recent match with Cordoba. Tough and undisciplined, coach Otto Bumbel called it, and his decision to fine certain players was backed by his board of directors. As a result Cabral (sent off and suspended for two games by the FA) was fined £75, while his team-mates Miguel, Vallejo, Aragon and Benitez received £20 fines.

At last the mighty fall. Real Madrid lost their unbeaten at home record held intact since December 1965 when Valencia beat them 2-0 at Chamartin. They are still top with 37 points, however, three points up on Barcelona. Next come Velencia and Las Palmas a further two points away, followed by Atletico Madrid on 30.

With only 16 points from 26 matches Sevilla prop up the table. Betis with 17, Cordoba with 20 and Sabadell and Real Sociedad on 21 are also in danger of dropping a division. All clubs mentioned have played 26 games.

The men behind Atletico have been disappointed with the way their club has failed to stay among the leaders after a promising start and have signed on Miguel Gonzalez to lead them. During his career when he was known as Miguel he was Atletico's regular outside-right, gaining several caps for Spain.

At the same time Zaragossa announced that Roque Olsen has re-signed to manage them again in 1968–69.

Miguel's appointment may be a temporary one, however, for Domingo Balmanya, whose job as coach to the National XI ends on June 30, could still end up there.

Meanwhile, Otto Gloria, the man who gave up the Atletico hot seat, may go back to Portugal to lead their assault on the 1970 World Cup, a job he did so well for them in 1966.

Looking at the goalscorers, Atletico Bilbao's Uriarte leads on 21, eight more than his nearest rival, Atletico Madrid's Luis.

BELGIUM

HEADING for their fifth championship in a row RSC Anderlecht have opened up a five-point gap over Bruges, who finished second last season. With only five of their 30-game programme left, Bruges, on 35 points, let possibly their last title chance slip away when they could only draw with the leaders 2-2 on their own ground. Then, a week later, they lost 1-0 to Waregem.

So often on the wrong end of the newspaper headlines in the past Standard's Roger Claessen did it again when at 5.30 a.m. he was stopped by the Brussels police and asked to take an alcohol test. Proving positive, he was then arrested.

At the time he was sharing the top position in the scorers' list with Anderlecht's Paul Van Himst with 18 goals but seems likely to be overhauled now. Devrindt (also Anderlecht) comes next on 15 goals, while Janssens (Lierse) has 14.

The namesake of the latter, Omar Janssens of Beveren, was the cause of two crowd invasions recently. Very much the local idol, Janssens was ordered off against Olympic Charleroi (lost 1-0) and incensed fans let their feelings run wild.

On the international front Constant Vanden Stock, ten years in charge of the National Eleven, has resigned. This followed a series of events which began when his team met with a 3-1 home defeat at the hands of a young and untried West Germany side recently. Forming a six-man committee to "help" him, the FA overdid things. As Stock said, "I asked them to help me, not hinder me." The pressures of being pushed around by these six — namely, Mr. Wouters (FA President), Roger Petit (Standard), Mr. Roosens (Anderlecht), Mr. Legros (Liege), Mr. Hoste (League President) and Mr. Genicot (FA Youth representative) — proved too great a strain on him and led to his resignation.

HOLLAND

AT the third attempt the Ajax–Feijenoord game was finally played. Twice postponed previously, Ajax won 1-0, improving their chances of retaining the trophy. Their match winner was reserve left-winger Suurendonk. Coming in for the injured Keizer, he scored the vital winner while at the other end Kindvall managed to hit the bar. Two defeats and a draw and only one goal from their last three matches, Feijenoord seemed finished and with seven games to go Ajax should increase their narrow one-point advantage very soon. Yet another battle between these great clubs has developed in the scorers' race. For level on 22 apiece are Ajax's Cruyff and Kindvall, while Venneker (NEC) has 18.

Sittardia, eight points behind the field, are booked for Division II football next season, while the other place goes to either PSV, NAC Breda (Cup holders) or Geleen (Fortuna). In the last bout of results PSV walloped NAC 6-0, while Geleen were hammered 8-2 by FC Twente. Both PSV and NAC are on 20 from 28 games, while Geleen have 21 from 28.

The much criticised FA Cup competition which is run on a league basis, whereby the 58 Division I and II clubs combine and are split into groups, is ready for the scrap heap. Or so the critics think. Still, the FA persists in this line despite dwindling attendances and clearly the majority of the top clubs are disinterested in the series, which they feel would be better suited to a straight knock-out. Feijenoord, for example, are already out because they could only draw with RBC of Roosendaal 2-2, leaving them with no chance of qualifying from their group. Ajax, on the other hand, would clearly like the double despite drawing only 12,000 to watch them snatch a 1-0 win over Blauw Wit. Once the groups are completed the winners do then qualify for a straight knock-out for the next round.

SPEAKING PERSONALLY

Leslie Vernon

Bravo FIFA for bold ideas

PELE. (A.)

I HAVE always considered it my duty to judge and criticise the activities of FIFA, since obviously no other organisation has such a vast and decisive influence on the development of football. The British Press, on the other hand, have an almost deferential admiration for Sir Stanley Rous, consequently, all FIFA decisions are treated with awe and admiration, as though they were pronouncements delivered from Olympus.

To elevate a person or a ruling body to the status of infallible demi-gods is unhealthy, unjustified and contrary to the interests of the game. Indeed, it hasn't been too difficult to discover mistakes committed by the world organisation in the past.

By now it is clear to most of us, for instance, that the running of the 1966 World Cup was deplorable. Having said all this, it would be churlish of me not to record that during the last few weeks, I have also felt a great deal of respect for FIFA.

There is a fresh wind blowing down the stuffy corridors of their HQ in Zurich. Their latest rulings and experiments are showing a splendid awareness of the ills and possible cures of football. They deserve sincere congratulations for the excellent World Cup draw for Mexico 1970.

I fully agree with the principle of forming qualifying groups according to geographical considerations. It would have been sheer madness to have a "mixed" draw. Even in this jet age, the costs in time and money would have been tremendous, without any obvious advantages.

On the contrary, it is better to keep the continents apart at this early stage, and an African country in the Finals for the first time will give a well deserved boost to football in that "emerging" part of the world.

Yet another praiseworthy innovation concerning the next global confrontation, is the introduction of a new "substitutes" system. Before the matches (including the qualifying competition) the team managers will hand over to the referee, a list containing the names of 16 players. Apart from the 11 players starting the game, two of the other five may be used for any reason!

This reform (strangely under-publicised in this country) could have all sorts of interesting consequences—tactical switches will be a-plenty, although not many managers will risk two early changes, leaving his goalkeeper "uncovered". Team-talks before the matches will be dealing with 16 opposing players and plans will be worked out for all eventualities, depending possibly on the all-important first goal.

I applaud the fact that injuries sustained during a match will not ruin a team's chances, but I fear that the defensive mania will be more evident than ever when timid managers will have the opportunity to draft in a couple of extra defenders during the later stages of a tie.

Nevertheless, this innovation is definitely a step in the right direction, as was another FIFA sponsored experiment—the two-referees system. The latest and most interesting of these practical suggestions is the abolition of the "off-side" rule at free-kicks. At present, of course, only at corner-kicks and throw-ins are the forwards allowed to be in an offside position, but now the referees' sub-committee of the FIFA would like to extend this privilege to free-kicks.

The main object of this new ruling would be the speeding-up of the game through minimising time-wasting, which frequently occurs when free-kicks are given near the penalty area. My own first reaction is that this is an excellent idea, since more freedom for the forwards would mean more goals. We would also be spared the annoying "hair-line" off-side decisions, when, just as the free-kick is taken, the defenders step forward and nobody is really sure whether the whistle should be blown or not.

Within the FIFA, opinions range from the enthusiastic to the cautious. Dr. Helmut Kaser, secretary, is one of the former: "Following a few experimental matches, this proposal should be law by 1969. The most important benefit is that the defenders would be busy marking the opposing forwards instead of forming walls too near the dead ball or obstructing in any other way. Speed and the uninterrupted flow of play is essential in football and this reform, just like the goalkeeper's 'four-step' ruling, will take us a significant step nearer to the ideal situation."

World class referee Gottfried Dienst had this to say: "The abolition of the 'off-side' rule at free-kicks was originally a suggestion I made a couple of years ago to Sir Stanley Rous. I am still in favour of it, although there is the danger that goalkeepers will be badly obstructed by opposing forwards. Referees will have to watch out for this very carefully, also any other obstructions and delaying tactics will have to be punished most severely."

Gustav Wiederkehr, President of UEFA, and a member of the FIFA council, is less convinced. "I look favourably on any changes if they mean quicker, more attractive football, but this suggestion should first be tested in experimental friendly matches all over the world. Only a long period of careful study will enable us to tell whether this new ruling would be beneficial for the game or not."

Controversial ideas and decisions? Yes! But how much better than the everlasting periods of stagnation and the be-whiskered attitudes of the past. Bravo FIFA!

But new ideas are not the prerogative of Europe. According to my latest information, the fresh winds are also blowing south of the border, down Brazil way.

Rudolf Illovszky, manager of Vasas, who recently visited South America with his team, was very impressed with Santos, winners of the recent "Octagonal tournament" in Chile. "It was a revelation to see their defenders play such tough, uncompromising, fast football," he said. "Pelé as a mid-field player is world class and their wingers are devastating."

According to Illovszky, the Brazilians are almost back to the "gold-standard" of 1962. This opinion is, not surprisingly, echoed by Aimore Moreira, team manager of Brazil.

Moreira, who took the job over from that tragi-comical figure, Vicente Feola, after the shame-faced exit from Liverpool, has managed to build a squad harder and more hungry for success than the "burnt-out" 1966 brigade was.

These young hopefuls in the famous yellow and green jerseys of Brazil, will shortly come over here on a tour, meeting European teams for the first time since that defeat by Portugal almost two years ago. Moreira, oozing confidence, recently answered a few pertinent questions.

Q. **Has Brazilian football fully recovered?**

A. *Yes, Brazil is a country of fast re-births. In football, we have such a vast number of talented new players, that the question always is who to leave out!*

Q. **Will you be able to cope with the "power" teams, such as England, in Mexico?**

A. *We are toreadors, not bulls! Due to our racial characteristics, we have to rely on speed, ball-skills and intelligence. We try to build a team of sprinters, not weightlifters! My aim is 75% equality in strength with the "physical" teams. If we achieve this, we can beat them in Mexico, using our superior techniques and artistry.*

Q. **Pelé?**

A. *The world's best mid-field player!*

Q. **Who are your key-players?**

● *Continued on page 24*

BRIAN GLANVILLE:

Can footballers come from anywhere?

THERE is a long established British myth which is under heavy fire at the moment. It is menaced by such facts that the most wanted young forward in Italian football is the 19-year-old Pietro Anastasi—a Sicilian. That a Japanese forward, Kamamoto, has just led the attack of the West German club, Sarrebrucken, against Neunkirchen, in a friendly; with great success. That N'Gunza, one of the leading attackers of the Congo Kinshasa international team, has just signed for Sporting Lisbon.

The myth, of course, is that where British footballers are born, foreign footballers have to be made. And the myth, though it began in Britain, has extended and amplified with the years, for there is no doubt that the belief is held in the world of football at large that players can and do come from certain, specific areas.

Thus, in both England and Italy, curiously enough, footballers traditionally come from the North-East, above anywhere else. For a successful Italian player to emerge from Sicily is something almost unheard of; or rather, it was. But Anastasi has had a glorious season for Varese, the newly promoted team from near Milan, up in the North, whose success has astonished everybody. It is perhaps ironic that Anastasi should have achieved his success with a northern club, a club so far away from his native island.

But there we are. He has broken through and, with him, so has Sicilian football. No longer will local clubs such as Catania, Palermo and Messina automatically look to Friule and the Veneto, in the north-east, for their players. They will ignore the old legend that Sicilian and South Italian players are too poorly fed, too poorly trained in boyhood, to succeed as professional footballers. And they will hope that the next Anastasi to emerge will be wearing *their* colours, not those of one of the northern clubs.

N'Gunza's assumption by Sporting is simply the latest of the increasing list of migrations from African to European football. Clearly Sporting hope that they will have in the Congo forward another Eusebio, another Coluna; an African player who can do for them what these two great footballers have done for their chief rivals, Benfica.

Already this season St. Etienne, the French champions, have acquired a superb new centre-forward in the tall, slender, 21-year-old Keita, from Mali. The young African arrived in France with a great reputation in Africa's football, but the speed with which he settled down, with which he began to assert himself, even in heavy mud, was phenomenal. Surely it cannot be long before African international football breaks through? The standard of the recent African Nations' Cup, held in Addis Ababa, was by all accounts remarkably high. Clear evidence of this was provided by the comparative failure of the Algerians, who have been providing players for the French Championship for so many years, and who might have been expected to dominate the competition.

Produce

In the United States, meanwhile, the question of whether any country in the world can produce footballers, if it puts its mind to it, is especially pertinent. On March 30, the new, amalgamated, American professional league began, each club being obliged to retain at least three native-born (Canadian or American) players on its staff. On the face of it, the clubs will be in some embarrassment unless they can pick up players who were born and learned their football in Europe or South America, to take up American nationality later on.

Yet this would be to ignore the intriguing case of Willy Roy, a centre-forward who last season was one of the leading scorers in the NPSL, outlaw league. Roy, who played for the now defunct Chicago Spurs, was not, it is true, born in the States, he was born in Germany, but since he came to America at the green age of eight, it can scarcely be said that he arrived fully fledged.

One of the directors of the Dallas Tornado told me last year, with cheerfully characteristic Texan hyperbole: "We believe we have the finest athletic material in the world." Certainly one must grant him that the athletic material in the United States is as good as any in the world, and much better than most. If you take the point of view of the distinguished Ilford referee, Ken Aston, who told me after a recent lecturing visit to the States that he believed all hope lay in the present school generation, then you may combine the two viewpoints, and feel that if the millionaire owners can hold out long enough, America could be a power within the next 15 years.

Funnily enough, one's optimism in this respect could be mitigated by the experience of ice hockey in the United States. Though it has been played there professionally for decades, the immense preponderance of players is still drawn from Canada. You may say that ice hockey is a much more "special" game than soccer, that you have to be virtually born on skates, as these young Canadians are, to play it. Yet there are large areas of the United States which have a similar climate to Canada, and thus give, one would have thought, similar opportunities. Yet a good American ice hockey player is as rare as uranium; a great one unknown.

One cannot do justice to the subject at large without discussing the achievement of the North Koreans. This has been doubly fascinating and significant, since it was not only accomplished by a hitherto unknown and quite unfashionable country, in the footballing sense, but it was virtually accomplished in a vacuum. It used, until the North Koreans beat Italy 1-0 at Middlesbrough and scored those three goals against the Portuguese in 1966, to be believed that countries could improve only by meeting stronger, more experienced opposition.

But what did the Koreans do? They immured themselves in almost paranoiac secrecy in a military barracks for years, they played nobody of any true consequence; they even qualified only by beating the negligible Australians. Immediately before

● *Continued on page 35*

Eusebio the Black Panther of Portugal is foiled by a daring save on this occasion but has proved to be one of the most lethal of coloured attackers. (A.)

PRESENT DAY HEADACHES

I'VE been talking to some of the Top Brass of the four Home Countries about the problems ahead, and the present-day headaches.

Generally, the discussion ranged over a tremendously wide area of subjects, and it seemed to me that we were mostly of similar thought as one topic after another came up for examination.

But few of us agreed on one thing — MANAGERS.

There were those who had plenty to say about the successes, others who sympathised with the failures, and the rest who dwelt only on the difficulties of the job.

Of course, it's difficult. Every job in the corridors of power is tricky, lined with pitfalls, and wide open to jealousies, cunning, and treachery.

Yet week after week, month after month, and year after year, as these club bosses are sacked, dozens of others are queueing up for the hot seats, pleading for the chance, pulling every string.

It's plainly staggering. I cannot find an adequate answer. They all hurry forward as soon as the latest departure is announced, and simply refuse to be dissuaded by factual explanations of the lives they may have to lead if the job is offered to them, and the possibility that they could find themselves in the street in next to no time.

Some recognise the likely toughness of the going because they have played for clubs where the boss has suddenly been pitchforked out of his office without apparent reasonable excuse.

Those with assessment of the situation are largely fellows who have themselves been professionals, and rubbed shoulders with the majority of the problems of a big club.

by TOM JAGGER

But not all the applicants for these posts have played in top grade soccer. In fact, many have not graduated further than local stuff, and some not even that.

What do I mean? Well, I'll tell you. One club which recently advertised its vacancy had among its replies letters from postmen, all-night lorry drivers, accountants, door-to-door salesmen, butchers, grocers, bus guards, shop assistants, and a political agent.

They all thought they could build a winning team. Some said how they would go about it, and were confident that at the end of the season they'd not merely have trophies on the boardroom sideboard, but also a fancy profit for the balance sheet.

Generally, club directors softly spike those applications because the job of a soccer club manager is so different from that of any other. It's possible to move with success from one sphere of industry to the other, but rather different branching from civvy street into a football club.

I know there have been successful instances of that. George Allison was a famous journalist and broadcaster before rather sensationally moving away from Fleet Street to take charge of Arsenal, and manage them very well, too. As you might guess, he kept them in the news, and the club always on the best of terms with the Press, which is more than can be said of some clubs, these days.

STAGGERING

Let's agree that it is probably better for a manager to have been a player, and have a look down the lists of those who have ruled the roost since the war. Believe it or not, more than 650 have had a go in the last 20 years!

It's staggering. And even more so when you realise how few have had success in the job.

I've been glancing through my records, and there are not many outstanding names. Probably a score. Not more.

Sir Alf Ramsey tops 'em all because of England having won the World championship, and just behind him come Matt Busby, Bill Shankly, Bill Nicholson, Stan Cullis, Harry Potts, Joe Smith, Harry Catterick, Don Revie, Jimmy Hill, Johnny Carey, Tommy Docherty, Ronnie Allen, Dave Bowen, Alec Stock, Andy Beattie, Bill Ridding and Les McDowall.

Some of those have also known the sorrows. For didn't Docherty's boys let him down, and lose their Cup final to Spurs? And didn't Ridding and McDowall both carry off the Cup, then see their teams drop into the Second Division?

But having known them all I can say that all have been students of the game, and never afraid to experiment. And, what's even more important, know the art of blending.

That is where a manager stands or falls. Not just by his scouting systems, or his signings, or his training methods. All those play their special important parts, but blending is the top priority.

It is no use having one or two great players, and some very fit men to back them up if the line-up comes out of the wash in any old fashion.

ADVICE

Jimmy McIlroy is very firm on this line. The old Irish, Burnley, and Stoke City star inside-forward, who is now managing Oldham Athletic, says the greatest contribution a manager can make is in the blending of his team.

RONNIE ALLEN (Wolves' Manager). (A.)

He means the matching up of strikers with schemers, smart attacking wing-halves with hard-tackling defenders.

When that's accomplished, he has a good chance of success, though little will be handed to him if it turns out right, and, in any event, how much can he expect?

It all boils down to one thing: a manager is only as good as the players he has at his disposal.

If the talent fades away, so do the right results, and so does the crowd. Then the manager's job goes, too. It's as simple as that.

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NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE

NEXT month's issue of WORLD SOCCER will be increased to 52 pages—and this size will be maintained. There will be many additional features, more pictures, facts and figures, etc., from the sport's finest monthly magazine.

Unfortunately because of rising overheads and other costs of printing and publishing it has been necessary to pass on a small part of these new charges to you, our readers. From the JUNE issue of WORLD SOCCER the price will be raised to 3s.

Readers will be assured that our presentation and coverage will be made fully worthwhile taking into account this small increase. So don't forget to look out for the big new WORLD SOCCER next month.

IN NORTH AMERICA

DALLAS TEST STRENGTH

WITH COLIN JOSE

DURING the 1967 season in the National Professional Soccer League (NPSL) the question was often asked — "How strong are the teams and what level of soccer is being played?"

With the merger of the NPSL with the United Soccer Association and the subsequent recognition by FIFA, the North American Soccer League teams have been able to provide at least some comparisons in their games with a variety of foreign opposition of various standards.

The first comparisons could be made during the extensive tour undertaken by the Dallas Tornado which took them from Spain through Asia and on to the islands of the Pacific. Then again by the Chicago Mustangs in Chile and now in Europe, where they are at the time of writing.

Sixteen Dallas players went on the tour, and the exhausting schedule through some difficult climatic conditions for Europe's certainly was not in their favour. Forty-four games were played, most of them against opposition far from the best, for coach Bob Kap reasoned that to play the best would be of no use to the development of his team, for they would see too little of the ball. The results achieved by the Texas team would definitely be a test to the wisdom of this.

Surprising

Dallas won 10, drew 9 and lost 25 (!) of their games, their best results being a draw with the Turkish team Fenerbahce and with the Australian national team. In spite of the conditions this was not a good performance and therefore it was all the more surprising to hear Mr. Kap say on his return to Dallas that his team were better than Dundee United, who represented the club in the USA last season.

Most of the team had never seen the city they have been playing for until they reached Dallas and even then had very little chance to get acquainted before they took off for Central America. By now the Tornado should have moulded themselves into a useful team if the tour was of any use but their results in Costa Rica hardly bear this out.

Deportivo Saprissa (San Jose)	lost 1-3
Puntarenas	drew 3-3
San Carlos	lost 0-2

Dallas now move on to Honduras, and if they are to succeed in the Gulf Division of the NASL will have to start showing an improvement very soon or their extensive travels will have gained them little more than publicity outside of North America.

Higher Standard

The Chicago Mustangs with far less ballyhoo have met a generally higher standard of opposition than Dallas and have acquitted themselves a lot better. Their best performances have been a win over Hauchipato, who were seventh in the Chilean First Division at the time, and a draw with Radnicki of Yugoslavia, for whom Bora Kostic, Dragoslav Sekularac and Milos Milutinovic are playing at the moment. Ironically the Mustangs' biggest defeat came in their only home game — an 8-1 loss to Slavia of Prague!

Chicago's results since coach George Meyer first put the nucleus of the team together last fall have been:

AFE (Ecuador) (in Miami, Florida)	won 3-1
Bogata All Stars (in Miami, Florida)	won 5-2
Porvenir (Lima) (in Miami, Florida)	lost 1-2
Hauchipato (Conception)	won 2-1
Antofagasta	lost 0-2
Universidad Catolica	lost 1-4
Arica (amateur team)	won 6-1
Slavia Prague	lost 1-8
Wacker Innsbruck	lost 2-5
Red Star (Belgrade)	lost 0-4
Svoboda (Tetovo Uzice)	lost 0-1
Radnicki	drew 2-2

DANNY BLANCHFLOWER. (A.)

In addition to the games with foreign opposition the Mustangs also played four games against the Houston Stars in Sarasota, Florida, losing the first three 3-4, 0-1, 2-4 and winning the last 5-3.

The Oakland Clippers, champions of the NPSL last season, recently met the Mexican club Guadalajara in San Francisco and lost 0-1 in the second period of extra time. The Clippers were unfortunate to lose this one for they hit the woodwork five times in the first half.

Also on the west coast the Vancouver Royals faced the stiffest test yet faced by a NASL club when they met unofficial World Club Champions Racing Club of Buenos Aires. The Royals, who are expected to be a serious challenger for the title this season, lost 0-4 to the Argentinians, but gave a good account of themselves. Vancouver have also played three games against Bonsucesso of Rio de Janeiro, winning the first two 1-0 and 2-1, but losing the third 1-3.

Strength

Ferenc Puskas seems to have made an encouraging start as a coach and on the strength of these results and on the reports of the games would seem to have a team equivalent to English Second Division standard.

The other Canadian club, Toronto Falcons, are holding their training camp in Santa Ana, El Salvador, and have been engaged in two games against teams from the populous tiny republic, both of which ended in draws. The St. Louis Stars are also scheduled to visit El Salvador and have games lined up in Honduras, Costa Rica and Guatemala.

In Jamaica, where the Detroit Cougars are holding their training camp, they have experienced little difficulty in beating any of the island teams they have met. Their record includes 4-0 and 4-1 wins over the Jamaican national team and a 3-0 win over the Violette club of Haiti.

The NASL has decided to adopt the controversial scoring system used by the NPSL last season. That is six points for a win, and three for a draw with a point for each goal scored up to three. This system was devised in order to try and stimulate attacking soccer by rewarding the team which scored goals while penalising the one which did not.

As an example a team which won 3-2 picked up six points for the win and a point for each goal scored for a total of nine. The losers received two points, one

● *Continued on page 15*

GORNIK ZABRZE'S Champions' Cup matches against Manchester United straddled the commencement of the second half of the Polish championship season. Gornik have been the Polish champions for the past five seasons but in none of those five seasons had they been so far behind the leaders at the half-way stage as they are this time. They will need, in other words, the clubs above themselves to drop points whilst collecting the maximum themselves.

One of Poland's First Division teams, Slask, pose for the cameraman before one of their recent matches. (Z.I.)

Gornik face championship struggle . . .

It was in 1957 that the "Miners' club" from Zabrze first took the Polish national championship. A year later the Lodz club gained their first, and still only, post-war championship but Gornik bounced back in 1959. Ruch Chorzow, champions in both 1952 and 1953, returned to the top in 1960 but, continuing the alternating success they had started in 1957, Gornik were champions again in 1961. But again they failed (if that is really the correct word when so many good clubs in Poland, and elsewhere, do not ever win championships) to retain their title and the 1962 Polish champions were Polonia Bytom. Gornik were back again in 1963 — and they have remained the national champions ever since.

A remarkable record but perhaps even more superficially remarkable is the fact that, LKS (Lodzki Klub Sportowy) apart, the Polish champions since 1957, Gornik Zabrze, Ruch Chorzow and Polonia Bytom, have all been located in the comparatively small but important coal-mining area of Upper Silesia. It is the area that, because of its geographical situation and because of its past immense value as a coalfield, has been a shuttlecock in European warfare and politics throughout this century. Before 1914–18 the Austro-Hungarian empire reached up to the Vistula with Cracow tenaciously hanging on to its Polish identity, the Oder flowed through wholly Prussian territory and Germany controlled the Silesian coalfields. At the end of the First World War the new national state of Czechoslovakia was born, or reborn, as part of the consequences of the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian empire but Poland pushed a little farther southwards and Cracow had more breathing space. Germany nonetheless retained most of the Silesian territory—until the end of the Second World War when the Polish frontier was re-drawn westwards to the Neisse line and with both Upper and Lower Silesia well set in Poland.

The influences, and it is obvious that these would show in football as in other things, in the area have thus been Austrian, Hungarian, German and Czech — in addition, of course, to Polish. It is perhaps then only, as I wrote, superficially remarkable that the same area is the effective centre of Polish football today. Zabrze itself is a small town but Gornik are not an isolated "provincial club" in football terms — maybe their only concession is to acknowledge that it is wiser to play their big matches, as those in the European Champions' Cup, at the larger stadium in the bigger town of Katowice some 15 to 20 miles away from Zabrze. (There is nothing new about this, of course, Reims did the same sort of thing in their happier days at the beginning of the European club competition.)

Favoured

It must be a matter of inconclusive argument which clubs are most favoured by national circumstances—particularly when it comes to the really important quarter- and semi-final stages of the European club competitions. On the one hand there are the Eastern and Central European clubs from countries where the climatic conditions make football playing impossible in their own countries from December until March. But this acceptance of the inevitable and the resultant close-down of national championships—sometimes Cup matches are played at the beginning and end of the "bad-weather" period but without many clubs or spectators (despite the existence nowadays of the European Cup-Winners' Cup competition) seeming to care greatly — does mean that clubs with an interest in the European club competitions can go on tour without worries about fulfilling home fixtures. It needs to be appreciated, however, that there are limitations. Ideally, and Gornik indeed did play a few matches before Christmas in Belgium, the most useful countries in which to keep in playing fitness and to tactically prepare for the European club competition matches to come by playing friendlies would be those in Western and Latin Europe. And most of the latter countries do welcome club sides from Czechoslovakia, Hungary, the Scandinavian countries and the rest for friendly matches but winter weather conditions even in those countries where the game does go on, pressure of fixtures in their national championship and cup competitions, and less spectator enthusiasm than there would be in October or April for examples, combine to limit the number and the usefulness of such matches to a touring side bent upon serious preparations for a major European competitive fixture.

More often the top clubs of the Eastern European countries take themselves off to South America or, as Gornik did, to the relatively warm Uzbek region of the vast Soviet Union. The disadvantages here are that the climatic conditions are greatly different from those to be encountered in the competitive match that matters and the opposition are unlikely to play in anything like the same style, or with the same determination, as the European opponents in the competition.

Advantage

The Western and Latin European clubs, on the other hand, although having the advantage of playing all their European club competitive matches whilst in match-training, have the disadvantage of being committed to their national league fixtures and probably also to national cup competitions. There is now less ill-informed talk than there once was about some leagues eagerly cancelling or changing fixtures to enable their champion club to prepare for important European club competitive matches. This seldom happened on anything like the large scale it was suggested—with the poor

European Commentary . . . Gordon Jeffery

English clubs the only ones penalised by an inward-looking Football League! Obviously the bigger the First Division of a national league the greater is the necessity to fulfil fixtures with the minimum of cancellations and there is more room to re-arrange matches in Portugal's 14-club First Division than in Spain or Italy's 16-strong, West Germany's 18-strong or England's 22-strong. But all are national leagues catering for professional clubs; the respective leagues function to enable the professional clubs as a whole to prosper and there has been an understandable hardening of attitude amongst clubs, in every country, to those "lucky" enough to be "in Europe" getting further preference at home—particularly in circumstances that seem to worsen the financial (or league—but the two are related) position of the other clubs.

Standards

What does remain and is perhaps an advantage to the champions, usually Real Madrid and Benfica of course, of countries as Spain and Portugal, is that the bigger difference in playing standards between the top two or three clubs and the rest often provides more opportunity for omitting star first-team players from the side for a League match played immediately before an important European fixture—and without, in consequence, taking much of a risk of losing league points. An obvious advantage is that this lessens the danger of players missing the European match because of injury but again it is a matter of personal opinion whether, in the long run, a team gains more from playing regularly against keen opposition than does one playing perhaps half of their league matches against inferior sides. In one way perhaps this disparity of internal competition explains the greater, and growing, emphasis on *team* play in countries where the overall standard is more widely spread.

On the whole, despite their useful tours, I feel that the broken season clubs of Eastern Europe are always at a disadvantage in the European competitions but, some consolation perhaps, the pattern of their league championship gives them a better chance of booking a place in the following season's European competition when, as with Gornik, they part company with the Champions' Cup at the quarter-final stage but with virtually the entire second half of their national championship season still before them.

Twice in their last four Championships, Gornik were behind at the half-way stage. When the 1964 season was resumed, for example, they were in second place with 18 points to Legia Warsaw's 19. Odra from Opole were in third place, two points behind Gornik. Legia had a wholly disastrous second half of the season and Gornik, gaining 22 out of a possible 26 points, pulled steadily ahead to top the table with 40 points compared with the 31 gained by each of the second and third placed clubs, Odra and Zaglebie of Sosnowiec — Opole and Sosnowiec are both, as you may have guessed, Silesian towns.

In the next two seasons Gornik were leaders at the "pause" and stayed in front after the season was resumed — they increased their November 1964 half-way tally of 19 points to 37 to win the 1965 Championship; they improved from 20 to 42 points to take the 1966 one. Last season, however, they found themselves in second place when the season was halted—Zaglebie were the leaders with 19 points, Gornik had 18 and Ruch Chorzow had 17. In the second half of the season, Gornik marginally improved to add 19 points to their total. Zaglebie found the pressure rather too much and gained only 15 more. Gornik thus ended comfortable winners with 37 points to Zaglebie's 34 and Ruch's 30.

When, in other words, in 1965 and 1967, Gornik successfully came from behind they had only a one-point disadvantage when the season resumed. This time they are in third place and *four* points behind Legia Warsaw and three points behind Ruch Chorzow. It is a lot for a club to make up in the course of only 13 matches but it is still a lot less than had seemed possible when the first half of the season was well underway.

Gornik started the Polish season last August with the short trip to Opole—and came back pointless (0-1). It was not until their fourth match that they gained their first win of the season—at home against Gwardia. Between those two matches that had drawn at home against Szombierki and away to Zaglebie. Gornik's position was not improved when four of the following week's seven First Division matches were postponed with Poland preparing for their home International against France—Gornik's match amongst them. The next week all matches were "off" for the International but meantime all but Gornik and Slask had caught up with their postponed matches. When the regular programme was resumed, Gornik went to Katowice and were beaten 2-1. Thus from their first six matches Gornik had four points. All except Slask had played seven matches, Legia Warsaw and Ruch were still unbeaten — and Gornik were very much in the doldrums.

Unbeaten

Their improvement began with a home win over Wisla (4-2), a draw in the rearranged match against Slask at home (0-0), a win at Lodz and a draw at Bytom against Polonia — six points from four matches and the next match home to the still unbeaten Legia. Gornik won by the odd goal in three, followed with an away win against Stal, and faced the last match of the first half of the season against the unbeaten Ruch. Thirty thousand spectators packed Gornik's Zabrze ground and saw a personal triumph for the brilliant young Lubanski who scored all four of Gornik's goals in their 4-1 victory. A splendid late burst by Gornik that, as I have mentioned, left them four points behind Legia, three behind Ruch —but also the only club to have beaten them.

Now the second half has begun with the top two clubs meeting and repeating, this time in Warsaw, their opening match score of one-all. Gornik — in Zabrze before 12,000 spectators on a snow-free pitch—hammered Odra by six goals to nil. They thus pulled back a point on both Ruch and Legia but in these second half of the season matches Gornik's own matches against the two leaders are both away from home.

Incidentally, there was a concession given to Gornik in view of their match on the following Wednesday against Manchester United in Katowice—their match against Odra was played on the Saturday instead of, as with the rest of the Polish First Division matches, Sunday!

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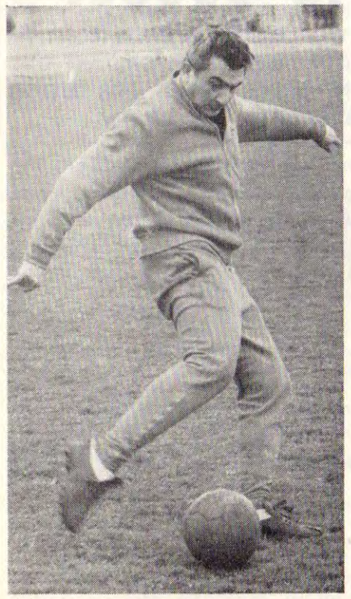
Searching the Soccer Scene

Mexico —Fair Play Champs

with Arthur Rotmil



Miguel Munoz the Real Madrid Manager. (Met.)

THE decision of the International Football Federation (FIFA), to institute a "Fair play trophy" for the 1970 World Cup which will be awarded to the team who commit the fewest fouls, should make happy reading with the host nation Mexico.

For if such an award had been made following the last series in England, then the Mexicans would have won it easily as they conceded fewer fouls than any of the 16 competing teams. This is revealed from this "Fair play" League table, which I compiled during the 1966 tournament:

	Games	Fouls	Average
1. Mexico	3	30	10
2. Portugal	6	70	11.6
3. North Korea	4	50	12.5
4. France	3	38	12.6
5. West Germany	6	77	12.8
6. Chile	3	39	13
7. Switzerland	3	40	13.3
8. Spain	3	45	15
9. Uruguay	4	60	15
10. Argentina	4	63	15.7
11. Bulgaria	3	48	16
12. Brazil	3	49	16.3
13. England	6	102	17
14. Hungary	4	68	17
15. Italy	3	55	18.3
16. Russia	6	117	19.5

In addition, it must be pointed out that Argentina had four players sent off, Uruguay three and Russia one.

Number of players cautioned: England four; Russia three; Argentina, West Germany and Bulgaria two; Portugal, Uruguay, Brazil and France one each.

Is it a coincidence, I wonder, that the four countries with the worst record of fouls and at the bottom of this "League", namely England, Hungary, Italy and Russia, are currently rated the strongest in Europe? One of them is almost certain to win the European Championship. (See "Searching the Soccer Scene", WORLD SOCCER, March issue.)

But, for the sake of football, let us hope that whoever wins the next Fair Play award is also crowned the *soccer* champions of the world!

Like Father, Like Son . . .

THERE are few examples of successful father-son careers at the highest level of football, but undoubtedly one of the most famous concerns the Mazzolas from Italy. Father — Valentin, was rated among the greatest forwards of his country in the immediate post-war years but died tragically in the Superga air-crash with his Torino team-mates. Such was his fame that the Brazilian centre-forward José Altafini adopted the nickname Mazzola, under which he represented his country in the 1958 World Cup.

Son — Sandro, the dynamic star of Inter-Milan and the national side, is currently ranked one of Europe's top players. Born in Torino on November 8, 1942, he was only six years old when his father perished on that plane. From the age of 12 he has been associated with Inter, graduating from their youth team to the First XI. In his initial full league season Sandro scored 10 goals, when Inter clinched the championship and followed up by winning the European Cup at their first attempt. 3-1 was the score against Real Madrid in Vienna and two goals came from Mazzola, the competition's top scorer in that season, with a tally of eight.

In the 1964/65 league series he shared the top scoring spot with Orlando (Fiorentina) on 17, while the year after, he was third with 19 to his credit. Last season he finished second with 17, only one goal behind Cagliari's Riva.

At the time of writing, Mazzola holds 23 caps and, with 17 goals in international matches, has already leaped to fourth place in the list of all-time scorers for Italy. Behind Meazza (33), Piola (30), and Baloncieri (25), but ahead of Colaussi, Libonatti and Schiavio (all on 15) and Ferrari (14). Barring injury, Sandro can look forward to several years of top grade football and many more international call-ups. He might even establish a new scoring record for his country. How tragic that his father cannot share these glories. But the Mazzola "dynasty" does not end with Sandro, for his younger brother Ferruccio has already made the grade in First Division football.

Wolves v. Lambs

ONE of the most interesting if not alarming aspects of football is the general trend to punish visiting players with far greater severity despite the well-known fact that home teams invariably play tougher. For example: Four times as many visitors were sent off in the Austrian First Division last season as home players. It appears that of the 26 men who received marching orders, in 128 games, 21 were from visiting teams, but only five from home sides.

This, by the way, is regarded as the worst proportion in Europe as for instance in the 798 matches played in the West German, Swiss and Dutch First Divisions a total of only 23 men were sent off during the same period. But here, too, the tendency was towards punishing the visitors more severely. This trend is irrevocably confirmed by studying the number of penalties awarded: In West Germany, 64 were given against the visitors, but only 17 against home teams. In Holland the ratio was 66–22; in Austria 49–19 and in Switzerland 36–16.

Since these proportionate figures are registered year after year they cannot be merely coincidental but a clear indication that not only the crowds always stamp the visitors as wolves and their own heroes as lambs but the referees as well. European experts point out that most officials are "homers" who are easily influenced by acoustics. The fans often remain silent when a home player commits a foul, although should a visitor crash to the ground then he is booed and accused of pretending to be hurt. They react differently, however, when the circumstances are reversed.

Naturally, one must expect the home crowd to stand solidly behind their team but the referees at least should be impartial. Statistics show regrettably that they don't always conform to this conduct.

Hail Miguel!

IT is not often that great players can also turn into outstanding managers. Alfredo Di Stefano, Billy Wright and Joszef Bozsik, for example, have tried and failed. Others, like Hidegkuti, Cajkovski and Zagalo, have enjoyed more luck, but today Europe's most consistently successful boss is unquestionably Miguel Muñoz of Real Madrid.

He was the captain of that legendary team who won the first three European Cups in 1956, 1957 and 1958, missing only the last final through injury. Born in Madrid on January 19, 1922, Muñoz began his professional career with Santander in 1944, two years later joined Celta de Vigo and then, in 1949, he moved to Real, for whom he played for 10 years.

Muñoz gained his first cap against Switzerland in 1948, but in a period when Spain played few internationals he collected altogether seven caps. In 1960 he assisted briefly in the coaching of the national side but eventually gave way to a man who could devote himself full time to this unenviable task. When he retired from the game in 1959, Muñoz became manager of Plus Ultra, a Second Division club used by Real as their nursery. But when, less than a year later, Real ended their contract with their Paraguayan-born chief, Fleitas Solich, it was Muñoz who replaced him. He arrived just in time to lead Madrid to that unforgettable 7-3 European Cup Final victory over Eintracht Frankfurt at Glasgow in 1960 and Real's fifth consecutive European triumph.

Muñoz took over a ready-made side then regarded by many as the finest in the world. But following the departure of Del Sol, Dominguez, Canario and later the ageing Marquitos, Santamaria, Di Stefano and Puskas, he built a new young side composed entirely of Spanish-born players, who cost virtually nothing. Incredibly, the transitional period has little effect on overall results, for since Muñoz took over, Real have won five successive league titles, were second — to Atletico — in 1966 and champions again last season. In 1966 they triumphed once more in the European Cup and were finalists in 1962 and 1964. Real have taken part in every Champions' Cup competition which is unique, while their present captain, Francisco Gento, is the only player in Europe who has participated in every tournament.

As I write, Real once again top the Spanish League and have reached the European Cup semi-finals for the ninth time. No other club in Europe can boast of similar achievements. Few managers could have been more successful than Miguel Muñoz.

Giants Clash

THE exciting semi-final draw in the Champions' Cup has captured the imagination of soccer fans all over Europe, with almost guaranteed full houses in Manchester and Madrid, Lisbon and Turin. Rarely has this competition produced such a line-up of the last four and never has it been more difficult to predict the ultimate winners.

Incident in the Vasas goalmouth during the match with Benfica in Lisbon. Benfica were successful on a 3-0 aggregate after drawing away. (Marques.)

A multitude of questions springs instantly to the mind of a statistician. Can Manchester United become only the fifth club — after Barcelona (1960/61), Anderlecht (1962/63), Benfica (1964/65) and Inter-Milan (1966/67) — who prevented Real from reaching the Final?

Have England's champions the ability to emulate Eintracht Frankfurt (1960), Partizan Belgrade (1966) and Celtic (1967), the only non-Latins who have so far appeared in a Final? Or will it be a repetition of 1957 when Real dismissed United also in the semi-finals on a 5-3 aggregate?

Are Juventus capable of following their compatriots from Fiorentina (1957), AC Milan twice (1958 and 1963) and Inter-Milan thrice (1964, 1965 and 1967) into the Final? Or will Benfica grace Wembley again as they did in 1963, having already won the trophy in 1961 and 1962 and later appeared in another Final of 1965.

Here are the European Cup records of the four contenders:

	P	W	D	L	F	A	No. of wins
Real Madrid	85	55	11	19	231	101	6
Benfica	50	28	11	11	132	59	2
Man. Utd.	30	19	5	6	74	34	0
Juventus	18	10	3	5	25	22	0

The Remedy!

ATTENTION to all housewives, fiancées, girl-friends, sweethearts, mothers, aunts, sisters, cousins, daughters, in short all members of the opposite sex. Do you feel lonely and forgotten at week-ends when your menfolk leave you to see a football match? Then take comfort from Madame Ginette B., who recently inserted the following notice in the French daily paper "Midi":

"I should like to express my deepest gratitude to the football fan who punched my husband on the nose during a match in the Marseille stadium a few weeks ago. My husband has now lost interest in soccer and stays at home every week-end. To the saviour of our family life my sincerest 'Thank you'."

Ladies! Next time the man-in-your-life returns from a football match with a black eye, it may be your opportunity to thank the unknown benefactor!

DALLAS TEST STRENGTH — COLIN JOSE IN NORTH AMERICA

● *Continued from page* 11

for each goal. By comparison a team which won 1-0 picked up only seven points.

It is debatable whether this system did produce more attacking soccer but when you compare the number of goals scored per game in the NPSL with those scored in the defensively minded Italian First Division then you can produce an argument in favour of it. The number of goals scored per game in the NPSL was 3.43, in Italy last season it was 2.11.

However, in the early part of this season the English average was 3.21 without the incentive of the points system, which I feel proves what Puskas said in a recent interview — "This has nothing to do with football".

Danny Blanchflower will not be returning as an analyst on the CBS telecasts of NASL games this year. As I pointed out in the January edition of WORLD SOCCER his honesty did not go down too well in some quarters. Just like referee Peter Rhodes who exposed the fake injuries for TV commercials last year, Blanchflower stepped on the toes of people in high places. American sports promoters do not take kindly to criticism, they are not used to it.

From Ireland . . . Colin McAlpin

WAGE RATE TO BE LIFTED?

GLENTORAN, who recently won the Irish League Championship for the second year running, are to make a bid to raise the present wage rate in Northern Ireland from £6 to a maximum of £9 and not less than £7. They wrote to the Irish League pointing out the advantages in upping the part-time professional wage.

The Glens, those perpetual pace-setters for the past 18 months, have also made a bid to raise the admission charge from 2s. 6d. to 3s.—both suggestions will come before the annual meeting of the IFL within the next few months and while the latter will probably get a great deal of support from the other senior clubs the former, the suggestion re wages, will be received with mixed feelings.

The present system has lasted for ten years and many, myself included, feel that the time has come for a new look at the entire wage structure. If by paying a professional more money the average Irish League side can hold on to his services a little longer then I'm all for the proposed increase.

Those clubs with a large support will not have all that much difficulty in meeting any increases but the clubs who count on very little money coming in may have a lot to say against an increase. Players, certainly, welcome the Glentoran move and John Colrain, player-coach of the Oval side, told me: "It is a step in the right direction, even though it does not offer an incentive to keep players here. If this comes about it would put us on an equal standing with most of the teams in the Scottish Second Division. In fact, we would be getting more than 75% of them."

Struggle

From another player-manager, Tommy Casey of Distillery: "It's going to be a struggle raising the wage, but I think players should get more. You cannot give more than comes in—still, if it will improve the standard it is a good thing."

Players have been asking for a re-think on the wage scale for some time now and their arguments are all sound ones. Irish League football is attracting more and more paying spectators, more and more local players are being snapped up by cross-Channel clubs, the domestic standards are hitting a new high—so, really, it's about time the men who provide all the Saturday enjoyment (the players) got a fair reward for their effort.

Some months ago, when the first shots in the wage increase war were fired by Colrain and Portadown's player-manager Jim Conway, I put forward several suggestions for a revised wage structure: pay the part-time professional a maximum of £8 a week basic but add on £4 for a win and £2 for a draw (provided his side draws and not the other). If, and we must realise this, the average player is in the game for money as much as for the enjoyment of the game, I say give him money but make it worth fighting for. To add a little more potential what about 5s. for every goal scored after the second and/or 10s. for every 500 people over 2,000?

Derek Brook, secretary of the North East Referees' Association, and the man playing a prominent part in the strike by Northern Ireland's whistlers against the importation of English referees for Irish League matches. (C.McA.)

Into March and the long, drawn out strike by Ulster referees was no nearer a settlement. There were still pickets at various grounds, still no "talking" between referees' officials and the IFL and IFA, still nobody prepared to make the first move towards peace.

Basically the local whistlers are protesting about the continued importation of English referees to take control of Irish League games—and, say the locals, often these men are not even considered top-class referees in England. Another of the arguments put forward by referees' leader Derek Brooks, secretary of the North-East Association and a Grade 1 referee, is that it costs around £1,600 to bring across all the Englishmen and the IFA decided some time ago that they could not afford to send a Youth side to the Continent.

"Why should good local men be overlooked in favour of average English referees?" asked Derek Brooks—and he went on to explain that several of the striking Ulster referees had taken charge of European Cup, Cup-Winners' Cup and World Cup games.

System

The root of the trouble lies in the method of selecting a referee for a local League match. Under the present system individual clubs can indicate which man they would like to control their games and, Ulster being such a small place, few clubs are apparently willing to risk picking a referee with what they consider "vested interests" (he could, perhaps, know several players or work with them and, say the clubs, feel committed to leaning even slightly in their favour). This, of course, would never happen, say the referees—and the strike drags out.

All the referees want is for talks to begin between themselves and the two official footballing bodies. But neither of the latter will bend in this respect.

Thrills

Northern Ireland's World Cup draw against Russia and Turkey should provide plenty of thrills for local fans when the games are played. Certainly the inclusion of Russia in the Northern Ireland group is bound to provide them for they are currently rated the top European side. Turkey are a different matter, somewhat unknown to Ulster fans—and the unknown is always exciting.

Whether the dismal displays of recent Northern Ireland sides will improve in time for this series of vitally important games remains to be seen but the idea of staging the Home International series at the beginning of each season is one to be welcomed. With this new pattern we will not have the sorry picture—as in the recent game against Wales—of Billy Bingham, Northern Ireland manager, frantically trying to piece together a makeshift side at the last minute because various English clubs didn't release key players.

Shocked

Next season will get under way on August 10 with the internationals being staged between May 3–10 and, even better from the point of view of Northern Ireland, these games will NOT be played as part of the European Championship games. In future the four home countries will go into the hat individually.

Ards, shocked by a 1-0 home defeat at the hands of Cliftonville in the opening City Cup match, are to make a close-season tour of the United States from July 5 to July 26. The party of 20 has been invited to make the all-expenses-paid trip by US soccer commissioner Dick Walsh who asked for an Irish League team. Harry Cavan, IFA president and secretary of Ards, decided that it was time that his own club got a taste of high living. Most of the games will be played along the Eastern Section of the US League (and that includes Detroit Cougars, the club Glentoran represented in last summer's gala opening of football in America).

Close-season

Glentoran, too, are off to a close-season competition. This time the much-travelled East Belfast club will compete in a four-team tournament in Majorca in July—good training for their second stint in the European Cup in two seasons.

Distillery, struggling through one of their poorest ever periods, could be in for a dramatic boardroom shake-up if chairman Dennis Moore has his way. Recently it was revealed that changes in the Grosvenor Park boardroom were imminent. Mr. Moore feels that not enough is being done for the club by several directors and in a frank interview with an evening newspaper came down firmly on the side of player-manager Tommy Casey: "Mr. Casey took over as manager of Distillery knowing that he was starting from scratch, with absolutely no financial resources. To expect a man to show results in a short space of time would be asking the impossible."

He feels, too, that Casey's problems have not been helped by weak directors and says: "How can we expect a manager to have a first-class team when he is working without resources and the people who are running the club are not sufficiently strong. It is essential that the management should be comprised of good businessmen interested in football. They should be able to take an active interest in the club and not a passive one."

So Glentoran, as everybody expected, are the new Irish League champions. They completed the 22-game programme with 37 points and beat old rivals Linfield by one point (it was, funnily enough, the same result as last season when the Oval boys pipped the Windsor Parkers by one point for the title). In third place came Coleraine with Ards sneaking into fourth position.

Interesting to note that Crusaders, who finished well down the table in eighth, had the fourth highest goal-scoring rate. But their defensive work of late has been extremely poor.

The final Irish League table for 1967–68 was:

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pt.
Glentoran	**22**	**17**	**3**	**2**	**79**	**24**	**37**
Linfield	22	16	4	2	85	32	36
Coleraine	22	15	5	2	76	33	35
Ards	22	14	2	6	51	34	30
Derry City	22	11	1	10	51	54	23
Glenavon	22	9	4	9	51	45	22
Ballymena Utd.	22	8	3	11	55	63	19
Crusaders	22	5	8	9	57	59	18
Portadown	22	8	1	13	34	57	17
Distillery	22	6	1	15	33	62	13
Bangor	22	3	3	16	39	89	9
Cliftonville	22	2	1	19	26	85	5

Glenavon manager Jimmy McAlinden was recently asked to resign by one of the club directors. The Mourneview Park side has, in spite of being a fairly good team over the years, been experiencing dismal results this term and McAlinden's position must now be considered very much in doubt. His contract ends at the finish of this season and moves one way or the other will probably be made then.

In finishing second in the League, Linfield created a goal-scoring record. Their 85 tops by one goal the record set by Belfast Celtic several years ago.

Philip Rising's Column

George Best

GEORGE BEST ranks as one of the most popular footballers in Britain—with journalists in addition to spectators—but there is no doubt that his comments about England's World Cup team in his autobiography offended a number of people.

He wrote: "A bunch of hard-working, hard-grafting runners with, to my mind, very few world class players had won the Jules Rimet Trophy.

"England were represented by a team of—in the main—workhorses."

I must admit that my immediate reaction was to contemplate what his Manchester United colleagues Bobby Charlton and Nobby Stiles thought of Best's comments.

In view of the glowing manner in which Best describes Messrs. Charlton and Stiles in another chapter of **"Best of Both Worlds"** (Pelham Books, 30s.), he no doubt excludes these two from the workhorse category.

Nevertheless, I am sure that neither of these two World Cup heroes would wish to see their England team-mates discussed in such terms.

I enjoyed the book—the story of how this Irish genius emerged and progressed with Manchester United is as fascinating as his ball control and skill on a football field.

* * *

Suggestions of changes in the laws of association football in an effort to improve the contemporary professional game are by no means rare. But in my opinion what is needed first is a greater uniformity of interpretation of the current laws by the referees of today.

Some of the laws can be taken to mean more than one thing and the result can be confusion and often dissent among the players.

One notable example is the offside law (11) and the correct definition when a player in an offside position is "played on." There is no argument when a defender deliberately plays the ball (passing back to his goalkeeper, perhaps) and unintentionally gives the ball to an opponent standing offside.

But where confusion undoubtedly arises is in incidents such as the following: A red player passes the ball to a team-mate who is offside. But en route the ball touches a white player. Would the red player receiving the ball be offside or not?

I have witnessed hundred of similar situations . . . and seen referees give either decision. Personally, I think the red player would be offside. In law 11 it states: "*A player is offside if he is nearer his opponents' goal-line than the ball at the moment the ball is kicked unless* . . . (then follows the various conditions under which a player is not offside)."

Therefore, if red was offside when the ball was kicked the referee should act accordingly regardless of white's intervention.

A different angle on the same uniformity theme was brought home to me this season. In two different matches (both FA Cup ties), four players were involved in skirmishes that involved some punching, shoving and kicking.

In the first match the two culprits were sent-off and later each received suspensions lasting fourteen days. In the second game the two players involved were simply lectured by the referee.

Both incidents suddenly flared up on the spur of the moment and were extremely comparable. Yet, despite the fact that the referee was the same for both matches, the action taken was completely different.

To my mind the laws of association football do not require alteration, simply clearer definitions in some cases.

STONE-AGE FOOTBALL GAME

AUSTRALIAN NEWS by ANDREW DETTRE

"THIS was stone-age football," said the balding little man as the final whistle sounded. "Real Coca-Cola stuff. You kick the ball, stop, sit down for a sip, then get up and start again."

The man speaking was visiting FIFA coach Dettmar Cramer, spending a month-long busman's holiday in Australia in between two tours of duty in Asia where he is successfully spreading the soccer gospel. And the occasion of his pungent criticism was an inter-state match between Victoria and New South Wales, at Melbourne's Olympic Park, which ended in a pathetic 0-0 draw, somewhat characteristically of the six-month-old drought which has been plaguing the once verdant southern state.

Cramer's precise, concise and unflattering summing-up of the match which had the cream of Australia's players on view, shocked many righteous, proud officials. Some felt that he should have been "more diplomatic" while others asserted that "he is only a guest here".

But Cramer, not a man to mince his words, was not to be discouraged. Viewing the Australian soccer scene he found little to enthuse about.

He felt that the organisation and administration of the game could both do with a face-lift; that many "leading coaches" were either not fully qualified or "too unfit to be of any use"; that the players were "vastly under-trained and dangerously overpaid".

Former Kilmarnock forward Archie Blue (left), now a Sydney star, streaks towards goal in a recent NSW v. Victoria match in Sydney. NSW won 1-0 after having drawn the first game in Melbourne 0-0. (A.D.I.)

"The short-cut for Australia," he said on the eve of his departure, after a whirlwind five-week trip, "is to build a really solid national team. Spare no expense and effort. Take them overseas, give them as many matches as possible. Once they start chalking up victories, your soccer's public image will improve. Then you can rebuild your organisation."

PROBLEMS

So said Cramer—and publicly nobody disagreed. However, many leading officials promptly declared privately that Cramer is a dreamer, a visionary, who doesn't understand "our peculiar set-up and problems". Maybe so. But Cramer understands every facet of soccer and, given some time and a free hand, could teach Australian officials and coaches a thing or two.

Some feel that this is exactly what he should be invited to do. His contract with FIFA expires in June 1969 and after that he would "consider any proper offer", as he said. But knowing Australian soccer-thinking, this offer may never be made.

Far too many administrators would fear that they would be victims of a sweep-out and that their little parlour games which centre around innumerable sub-committees, meetings, blazer-swappings and grandstandings would either have to cease or could be curtailed. Cramer, clearly, would be a danger to their cosy, decadent ways—so the best is to forget that Cramer even exists and go on pretending that everything is in apple-pie order.

It isn't, of course. In fact, one wonders just how far the current soccer depression can go on. In Sydney, match attendances which started to nose-dive around 1964, have been rapidly slipping further down.

The basic reason for this unhappy state of affairs is the pitifully low standards even the best teams have sunk to. Week after week one sees the dullest possible matches at the end of which the spectators, not the players, should be rewarded with a rich bonus.

Despite a million empty promises, clubs still don't make any major effort to produce their own players from the ranks of local youth and rely mainly on imports. If at least they were of the right quality, one would be content; but the bulk of this is made up of British rejects which can no longer command a place even in non-league clubs.

Yet strangely, this soccer depression has not ruined the appetite of some clubs for lavish spending. One of Australia's best players, the 26-year-old John Watkiss, recently changed hands between APIA and Hakoah for $8,000 (some £3,600) plus the $4,000 p.a. the player got for a two-year contract, making it a total of $20,000 outlay—by far the highest in Australian history. Obviously, Hakoah have no earthly chance of recouping this sum at the turnstiles and the deal was financed through contributions by well-heeled members of Sydney's Jewish community. The fact that Watkiss has a hairline fracture in his foot and has not played since October only adds to the piquancy of this purchase.

As this story is on its way to the magazine's London office to meet the deadline, Australia is on the eve of three international matches against Japan; one in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide. The Japanese, after a brief trip to Mexico, decided on this stop-over having roughly the same shrewd idea in mind that the Australians have: to find out about their opponents in Group A of the Asian zone in the World Cup eliminations.

ADVICE

The Australian team was kept together for four days before the games—far too short in the view of national coach Joe Vlasits. Also, instead of the 20 or at least 18 players, the Federation granted Vlasits only 16, promptly disregarding Dettmar Cramer's well-meant advice about building a strong national side.

The outcome of the three encounters is awaited with great interest. If the Australians fare well, maybe we will see the start of a more intelligent, "national thinking"; if they fail, it's a safe bet that the numerous rumblings now clearly shown on the seismograph will quickly produce some earthquakes and may, with luck, lead to a full reorganisation.

DEFEATS COME AS SHOCK

Swiss Newsletter by ARTHUR ROTMIL

IT was perhaps just as well that the sports and front pages were filled with news of events in the Winter Olympics at Grenoble during a time when the national side slipped out unobtrusively to the Middle East only to suffer two humiliating defeats at the hands of Israel and Cyprus, in each case by 2-1.

Thus the Swiss soccer followers had been spared lengthy and painful explanations of how a team which held such giants as Russia and Italy last autumn, was humbled by footballing dwarfs in Tel-Aviv and Nicosia. The long winter break and the absence of Blättler and Fuhrer in the first match and Tacchella in both, can only partially excuse the slump for the bitter truth is that the Swiss played poorly, but worse still—at no time did they match the enthusiasm and application displayed by their conquerors. It was indeed a sad start for Erwin Ballabio, the former international goalkeeper who is now in sole charge of the team following the resignation or sacking (depending on which stories you care to believe) of Dr. Alfredo Foni, who demanded total responsibility but failed to get it.

For the first ever official international with Israel three men gained their first caps: Paul Marti, 26 (Young Boys), Fredy Amez-Droz, 22 (Servette) and the latter's half-time substitute André Zappella, 20 (Chaux-de-Fonds). Two goals by Spiegler in the 41st and 70th minutes decided the match in Israel's favour while Künzli's 49th minute equaliser was a small consolation. Team: Kunz (Barlie); Pfirter, Michaud, Marti, Perroud; Citherlet, Dürr; Odermatt, Amez-Droz (Zappella), Künzli, Quentin.

The game with Cyprus counted for the European Championship but as Italy were already group winners, the only question was: Could the Swiss finish second, ahead of Rumania? It was not to be. Although an own goal by Kostas put the Swiss in the lead, Melis and Bamboulis gave Cyprus their first victory since 1963 when they surprisingly beat Greece 3-1. For Switzerland Fuhrer and Blättler could this time be included while a new cap was given to Renzo Bionda, 23 (Bellinzona) in this line-up: Kunz; Pfirter, Michaud, Bionda, Marti; Fuhrer, Dürr; Odermatt, Blättler, Künzli, Quentin.

Domestic soccer resumed on February 25, with the Cup quarter-finals. In the clash of the round, Lugano beat Zürich 1-0 at home, while Biel dismissed Servette by the same score. Second Division leaders Winterthur accounted for Young Fellows 2-1, but Lucerne needed a replay before eliminating Sion 2-2 and 4-0. In the semi-finals, Winterthur, 2-1 winners over Biel, became the fourth Second Division club in Swiss Cup history—after Basle (1942), Cantonal (1950) and Bellinzona (1962)—to reach the Final. In the other tie, Lugano triumphed by 4-2 after extra time at Lucerne and now have a chance of completing a "double", having deposed Grasshoppers from the League leadership which GC held since August 27. The title race remains wide open as Basle and Zürich are also in close attendance.

Finally, salute FC Zürich, conquerors of Barcelona, Nottingham Forest and Sporting Lisbon in the Fairs' Cup and now matched with Scotland's Dundee in the quarter-finals.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Lugano	**16**	**11**	**2**	**3**	**30**	**17**	**24**
Grasshoppers	16	10	2	4	32	16	22
Basle	16	9	4	3	32	16	22
Zürich	16	7	6	3	31	17	20
Lausanne	16	7	4	5	36	27	18
Lucerne	16	7	4	5	34	35	18
Biel	16	7	3	6	29	26	17
Young Boys	16	5	6	5	21	26	16
Chaux-de-Fonds	15	4	5	6	25	27	13
Bellinzona	15	5	3	7	15	21	13
Servette	16	6	1	9	24	23	13
Sion	16	2	7	7	15	27	11
Young Fellows	16	2	4	10	10	35	8
Grenchen	16	3	1	12	12	33	7

SCHON'S YOUTHS DO WELL

German Newsletter by ARTHUR ROTMIL

MANAGER Helmut Schön's gamble on youth and enthusiasm paid off handsomely when the national side defeated Belgium by 3-1 at the Heysel Stadium in Brussels on March 6. Only four men were retained from the team which disappointed in Albania, namely Schulz, Höttges, Netzer and Löhr—the latter switching to centre-forward. A fifth, Weber, was selected but cried off through injury.

Maier and Beckenbauer returned as expected, Vogts and Fichtel too reappeared in defence but there were three new caps in attack: Conventional wingers Horst Köppel, 19 (VfB Stuttgart) on the right, Georg Volkert, 22 (FC Nürnberg) on the left, plus Herbert Laumen, 24 (Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach) at inside-right. Apart from bad weather, the small attendance of only 10,000 was blamed on the Dutch television which can be received here and on that night produced not only a live relay of their biggest domestic clash, Ajax v. Feijenoord, but the Real Madrid–Sparta Prague European Cup game into the bargain!

On a snow-covered pitch and in a near-blizzard, the German XI swung into all-out action and decided the match in under half an hour. After merely five minutes' play, Volkert celebrated his début with a powerful 18-yard shot to put the visitors ahead and in the 22nd the same player scored again from the edge of the penalty area. Another three minutes passed when Volkert unselfishly served Laumen during an untidy scramble for goal No. 3. The Belgians rallied strongly after the interval while their defence tightened up considerably with the entry of Hanon for Stassart. Twelve minutes from time the injured Volkert gave way to another newcomer, Erich Maas, 27 (Eintracht Brunswick) and almost at once Devrindt scored Belgium's solitary goal.

This was a creditable performance by the Germans though it would be foolish to judge them under these conditions and especially after their early goal-burst when several players began to ease off and lose concentration. In particular Beckenbauer and Netzer had many weak moments later on, as had Willy Schulz. The other defenders did all that could be expected while up front the best man was Volkert. Next assignment will be against Switzerland at Basle on April 17, a game hurriedly arranged in place of the meeting with Hungary who are engaged in the European Championship.

In the Bundesliga, with seven games left, the field of candidates likely to catch Nürnberg has narrowed to three. Bayern are better placed with a game in hand, followed by Gladbach as well as Bremen who came through with a late burst, but all three are still trailing, five points behind the leaders.

On the European front, Eintracht Brunswick went out to Juventus after a dramatic play-off in Switzerland, but Bayern and Hamburger are in the Cup-Winners' semi-finals, carrying on the fine tradition of German teams in this contest with two winners and a finalist in the past three years. Now there is even the possibility of an all-German Final—if Bayern beat Milan and HSV dispose of either Cardiff or Torpedo Moscow.

BUNDESLIGA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Nürnberg	**27**	**14**	**9**	**4**	**59**	**30**	**37**
Bayern Munich	26	14	4	8	55	42	32
Bor. Mön.-Glad.	27	11	10	6	66	41	32
Werder Bremen	27	13	6	8	54	42	32
Cologne	27	13	4	10	53	42	30
Hamburger SV	27	10	9	8	46	42	29
Alemann. Aachen	27	12	5	10	41	51	29
MSV Duisburg	27	11	6	10	46	40	28
Eint. Brunswick	26	12	3	11	28	31	27
Hannover	27	10	7	10	38	43	27
Borussia Dort.	26	10	6	10	52	49	26
Eint. Frankfurt	26	10	6	10	43	43	26
1860 Munich	26	8	9	9	47	33	25
VfB Stuttgart	26	9	7	10	44	42	25
Schalke	27	9	5	13	37	43	23
Kaiserslautern	27	6	10	11	34	51	22
Bor. Neunkirchen	27	6	5	16	28	73	17
Karlsruher SC	27	5	3	19	26	59	13

GORDON

JEFFERY

Despite Racing, are Santos still top?

South American Commentary

IT is always a guarded operation seeking to get news about the annual South American Champions' Cup for clubs. Normally fairly reliable sources of information have a habit of misleading when it comes to the results of matches played when clubs from Buenos Aires, for example, venture forth to Cali and Bogota in Colombia, and it is disturbing to collect two or three different results for the same match! One reason, I suspect, is that many of these matches kick-off rather late in the evening—it is, of course, still summer in South America when the early rounds are played outside of the various national league seasons—and the immediate editions of daily papers go to press before the final whistles have blown.

That was what happened, I know, in respect of Independiente's trip to Cali to play Deportivo when the generally reported score was nil-nil, whereas in the second half Deportivo Cali's outside-left, Iroldo, scored the only goal of the match. But that does not explain, nor did it help my own attempts to unravel the tangles! How a well-known West German sport magazine (and one of the few European ones to take much notice of this important football competition) credited Independiente with two wins and one defeat in their first three matches whereas it had been well-publicised that they had started proceedings by losing to their fellow-Argentians, Estudiantes. The Deportivo Cali-Independiente match seemed, in other words, to have been "awarded" by this particular source to the Argentinians!

However, even with one or two results still to come as I write it seems fairly certain that the top two from each group who have qualified to continue the battle for places in the semi-finals will be:

Group One

The Argentinian pair, Estudiantes and Independiente (after a play-off with Deportivo Cali).

Group Two

The Peruvian pair, Universitario and Sporting Cristal—to the exclusion of the Bolivians, Jorge Wilsterman and Club Alwayse Ready.

Group Three

Universidad Catolica of Chile but not their stable-companions, Universidad de Chile, because the surprise success in this group was Emelec of Ecuador.

Group Four

Penarol of Uruguay—it was difficult to imagine them failing at the first fences, but, as in Group Three, a representative of the junior country in the group has pushed ahead of the second Uruguayan, Nacional. The second qualifier being Guarani of Paraguay.

Group Five

Brazil v. Venezuela in other words and after some alarms and excursions it seems like the Brazilian pair, Palmeiras and the Recife club, Nautico.

When the further group matches have been played to sort out three semi-finalists, the title-holders and reigning "world" champions, Racing, will come back into the picture. Racing themselves, after their almost ludicrous performance in the Argentinian national championship and their flop in the Chilean Octagonal tournament, have given just one or two glimpses of a return to something like their old form.

In the Octagonal Tournament staged in Santiago between mid-January and the end of the first week in February, Racing failed to gain a single victory—they drew with Universidad de Chile (soon to do poorly in the Copa Libertadores) and with the touring Hungarian club, Vasas, and were beaten by Santos, Universidad Catolica, Colo Colo and the touring national selections of East Germany and Czechoslovakia. Back in Argentina, Racing played a number of friendlies and took part in a small tournament at Mar del Plata (the seaside playground of Buenos Aires) with River Plate, Vasas and the Czech national side. Still Racing faltered but soon after they took on the Mexican national selection for a match in Los Angeles and won by two goals to nil—a very much overdue victory for the Argentinian club that may have given them more confidence for the new Metropolitan Championship season.

The significant factor about the Chilean Octagonal Tournament was the emphatic re-emergence of the great Brazilian club, Santos — sometimes known as Pelé's club, but their victory (with 12 points from seven matches) in this tournament was gained often without a playing Pelé and generally without a scoring Pelé. Scorer in chief at the moment is Toninho, with assistance from Edu and Negreiro. It is good for Santos, and good for the much-marked Pelé himself, if the dependence upon this one superlative player can be lessened. I might, however, note in passing that Pelé was absent from the Santos team in the one match—against Universidad de Chile—in which they were beaten in the tournament.

Rattin (Boca Juniors) now playing in defence, heads away in his club's initial League game against Newells Old Boys. Fancied Boca started off on the wrong foot and lost 3-0. (E.W.)

Some typical line-ups:

Santos: Claudio; Ramos Delgado, Carlos Alberto, Rildo, Lima; Negreiros, Joel; Orlandini, Toninho, Pelé, Edu. Pelé's stand-in was a youngster named Douglas.

The full results and final positions were as follows:

	San.	E.G.	U.Cat.	Vas.	CZ	UdeC	C.C.	Rac.	F	A	Pts.
Santos	—	3-1	4-1	4-0	4-1	1-2	4-1	2-1	22	7	12
E. Germany	1-3	—	2-0	3-3	2-2	5-2	5-2	4-2	22	14	10
Univ. Catolica	1-4	0-2	—	4-3	4-1	2-1	4-3	2-1	17	15	10
Vasas	0-4	3-3	3-4	—	3-1	2-1	1-0	1-1	13	14	8
Czechoslovakia	1-4	2-2	1-4	1-3	—	2-0	2-0	2-0	11	13	7
Univ. de Chile	2-1	2-5	1-2	1-2	0-2	—	2-2	1-1	9	15	4
Colo Colo	1-4	2-5	3-4	0-1	0-2	2-2	—	1-0	9	18	3
Racing	1-2	2-4	1-2	1-1	0-2	1-1	0-1	—	6	13	2

E. Germany: Blochwitz; Urbanczyk, Wrack, Frassdorf, Bransch; Irmscher (Kreische), Eerler (Korner); Hoge (Lowe), Noldner, Frenzel, Vogel.

U. Catolica: Godoy; Laube, Adriazola, Villarol, Lecaros; Barrales, Isella; Aras, Gallardo, Reinoso, Fouilloux.

Vasas: Varga; Bakos, Meszoly, Matrai, Ihasz; Puskas, Mathesz; Fister, Molnar, Farkas, Vidacz.

Czechoslovakia: Viktor; Pivarnik, Horvath, Popluhar, Taborsky; Plass (Krnac), Geleta; Kvasnak (Vesely), Vrana, Jokl (Masopust — at the special request of the Chilean organisers in appreciation of the popularity of the Czech player in the 1962 World Cup), Kuna (Dyba).

Universidad de Chile: Neff; Eyzaguirre, Quintano; Rodriguez, Contreras, Hodge; Araya, Marcos, Campos (Yavar), Daucik, Sanchez (Castro).

Colo Colo: Kusmanic; Valentini, Claric; Gonzales, Cruz, Zywica (Arauena); Moreno, Valdez, Zelada, Beiruth (Alvarez), Capot.

Racing: Cejas; Vilanoba, J. C. Diaz; Mori, Cominelli (Rodriguez), Chabay; Chaldu, Wolf, Cardenas (Cardoso), Salomone, Maschio.

It was Salomone who scored three of Racing's six goals and he was in the side that gained the two-nil victory over Mexico in Los Angeles. So, too, were Basile and Rulli, who have been very much in the "picture" in those matches against Celtic.

In the new Metropolitan season—to be followed as last year by the National Championship, there are two changes in the composition of the 22 "primera division 'A'" clubs with Union and Deportivo Espanol being replaced by the promoted Tigre and Los Andes. Both newcomers have been put into Zone B from which have been transferred Platense, one of last year's qualifiers for the Metropolitan Championship final play-off matches, San Lorenzo de Almagro, Ferro Carril Oeste and Banfield. These four go to Zone A and into Zone B come Velez Sarsfield, Quilmes, Huracan and Argentinos Juniors.

It seems to me, at a quick glance at any rate, that Independiente and River Plate — who both remain in Zone B—have done well out of the re-shuffling but, unless they can throw off the lethargy and indecision that seemed to overcome them after their matches against Celtic, Racing might find it hard going to get the top half of Zone A ranking that is necessary for a chance in the National Championship.

Zone A: San Lorenzo de Almargo, Platense, Racing, Lanus, Estudiantes de la Plata, Banfield, Boca Juniors, Newell's Old Boys, Colon, Atlanta and Ferro Carril Oeste.

Zone B: Argentinos Juniors, Huracan, River Plate, Tigre, Gimnasia y Esgrima de La Plata, Rosario Central, Independiente, Los Andes, Velez Sarsfield, Quilmes and Chacarita Juniors.

Fixtures

The pattern of the fixtures in these 11-strong zones—to remind old readers and perhaps inform new ones—is that each round, there are five matches played in each group, involving, that is to say, 10 of the 11 clubs in each group. The odd club out in each group meet in an inter-zonal fixture with the result counting, however, to their record in their particular zone. It would obviously help the big clubs in Zone A to meet the little ones in Zone B in the inter-zonal fixture; help them, that is to say, from the point of view of collecting points.

Less of a help, however, from the point of view of attracting large crowds and large crowds mean money and it is money that must also matter to big professional clubs. So, in fact, and I imagine with few complaints from the clubs, the inter-zonal matches include traditional money-spinners like Boca Juniors v. River Plate, Racing v. Independiente, Huracan v. San Lorenzo, Estudiantes de La Plata v. Gimnasia Esgrima de La Plata, and Rosario Central v. Newell's Old Boys. Shrewd fixture compilation!

The Buenos Aires club, Racing, may be the current holders of the Copa Libertadores de America; the same club may have defeated over three matches the reigning European champions, Glasgow Celtic; Argentina may have strong candidates in Estudiantes (still developing) and Independiente to run with Racing for this year's South American club championship — but there remain thousands in Brazil, and probably elsewhere in South America, who are convinced that Santos are still the greatest club in the world.

But, as I write, Santos are in second place in this season's Sao Paulo championship. This is not unusual but it usually means that Santos have played several matches fewer than the other clubs in the league! This time it is because they lost to Corinthians and the loyal supporters of this famous Sao Paulo club have been waiting 10 years to cheer a competitive victory over the "upstarts" of Santos.

As a matter of fact they could not wait until the end to cheer and celebrate but held up play before the end when they invaded the pitch! The match was completed and soon after Corinthians had another hard match on their hands against Palmeiras, the main Brazilian hope in the Copa Libertadores. And again Corinthians won — by the odd goal in three. Santos had an emphatic five-nil win against Botafogo (of Sao Paulo, not the better-known one-time club of Garrincha in the Rio area) with Toninho claiming a hat-trick, and the midfield player, Negreiro, and Pelé completing the scoring.

Brilliant

Key player in Corinthians' welcome revival is Paulo Borges, transferred from the Rio club, Bangu, who are struggling without him! This brilliant young player, who includes among his attributes that of being one of the fastest of all movers with the ball, was one of the young players who, in the last few vital months before the 1966 World Cup, the Brazilians declined to risk. He had been in the World Cup "40", had come on as substitute in a O'Higgins Cup match against Chile in May 1966 and again a month later in the first of Brazil's two warming-up matches at home against Poland. But he was not called upon for the European matches immediately before the World Cup nor, of course, in the World Cup matches.

He did, however, play with conspicuous success in all three of the Rio Branco Cup matches that Brazil engaged against Uruguay in the summer of 1967—scoring, incidentally, two of the three Brazilian goals. With Corinthians he has teamed up with two other "fringe" Brazilian players, Flavio and Rivelino. Three to watch for Mexico 1970?

Forward Salomone was Racing's best close season buy from Atlanta. Here he shoots at goal in the opening fixture against Lanus. Racing won 1-0, rather luckily. (E.W.)

CARDIFF SINK TORPEDO . . .

by ROGER MACDONALD

THE elastic-sided Cardiff City, stretching towards the European Cup-Winners' Cup with one hand and towards relegation to the Third Division of the Football League with the other, had the most remarkable victory for years against Moscow Torpedo in the play-off at Augsburg. It was a win against all the odds, with five reserves, two of the changes forced by injury and three by the competition's qualification rule.

One could not say. precisely, that Cardiff deserved to win; but any team with such spirit, such a dogged determination under pressure, does not deserve to lose. Streltzov, the Russian centre-forward, had a night of awe-inspiring incompetence, missing yawning goals with no one near him, so that he looked more like a bungling amateur than one of the best strikers in Europe.

The escapes around the Cardiff goalmouth, which needed only barbed wire and tank traps to take on the trappings of a siege, bordered on fantasy. I broke a pencil in nervous anticipation when Wilson came out of his goal, out of his penalty area entirely, to make a marvellous tackle on Streltzov: the ball rebounded to Stenischev, with Wilson stranded and bemused. But the Russian miscued his lob, another Cardiff defender scrambled the ball away, again fortunately to Streltzov. His shot, at a largely undefended net, was a fiasco, and Morgan kicked the ball past his own post with the crowd almost hysterical in disbelief.

To keep a sense of proportion, Cardiff did have a chance to settle the match at 1-0 late in the second half, when Barrie Jones took advantage of another Russian error. He tore into the penalty area at high speed, waited until he was close enough to see the whites of Kavazashvili's eyes, then shot straight at him with all the goal to aim at. So it took a save by Wilson in the final minute, the most prodigious I have seen this season, to keep Cardiff ahead. Stenischev, on the edge of the area, got his full weight behind an oblique shot to the far corner. I was right behind the line of the ball, whose power and direction seemed quite decisive; but Wilson, who had been protecting his other post, hurled himself five feet through the air to concede a corner, like a man inspired.

When the celebrations continued in an Augsburg beer-cellar, only Cardiff's manager, Jimmy Scoular, seemed aware that City were still treading a dangerous tightrope. Only Hamburg, by no means an unbeatable team, stood between them and the final at Rotterdam; but Cardiff needed every point they could get from their remaining Second Division matches to avoid relegation.

"The League remains an absolute priority," Scoular told me between bouts of fervent singing from an improvised Welsh choir. "Even victory in Europe would be no use to us if we were relegated. This tie has been so costly that I doubt if we will have a profit of more than £4,000 after seven European matches. Relegation must be avoided at all costs."

Under normal circumstances, of course, Cardiff's win would have been an enormous psychological boost to the players. But with so many reserves playing in Europe, morale became schizophrenic; the next, and vital match against Blackpool, resulted in a 3-1 defeat. Scoular had the thankless task of displacing some of those who played so heroically in Germany: Wilson, whose saves demoralised the Russians; Dean, who took his chance to score so well just before half-time, with a thunderous shot that left Kavazashvili helpless; and Morgan, who came through his first senior game with incredible resilience.

Murray, Cardiff's regular centre-half, went to Augsburg with the club, in spite of straining ligaments at Millwall the previous weekend. Although he received intensive treatment — Cardiff even took their own heat equipment with them — there was never much chance of him playing, and Morgan, at 21, was given a baptism of fire. Murray praised his colleague generously after the match. "I've got to admit that he played quite superbly," he said. "He took everything that Streltzov threw at him and never gave an inch."

The duel between Morgan and Streltzov boiled over just after half-time, when Streltzov retaliated for a foul by kicking the prostrate Morgan on the throat. Morgan lay on the ground coughing blood, Cardiff's trainer and doctor tried desperately to revive him, and eventually called for a stretcher. "I just could not get my breath," Morgan told me afterwards. "It was a frightening experience. But suddenly it cleared and when I saw the stretcher I got up; I wasn't going off that way, in this match." The episode, at this point, took on a touch of comedy, for the portly bearers were blamed by the crowd for the delay, and waddled off to a storm of whistling.

Morgan's astonishing recovery angered the German referee, Helmut Fritz, who thought he had been feigning injury. He tried to push the Cardiff trainer off the pitch; in the subsequent altercation ("I did not know what Fritz said to me, and I wouldn't like to tell you what I said to him," he said afterwards) Fritz had to be calmed down by the implacable Harris, Cardiff's captain, in a bizarre change of roles.

Valentin Ivanov, Torpedo's manager who captained his country in two World Cups, had the gloomy resignation of a certain scapegoat. He had gambled on the recall of Valeri Voronin, who proved quite out of touch with the pace of the game. Voronin, suspended for misbehaviour by the national side last September, was recalled by anxious selectors before the game against England. But a further excess of wine, women and song forced his club to suspend him altogether and he did not play in Cardiff or Tashkent, where Torpedo were conspicuously weak in midfield. His performance in Augsburg boded ill for Ivanov, who has been under pressure for some time; there were reliable reports in Tashkent, of other club officials actually using physical violence on him after Torpedo had won only 1-0.

Ivanov contented himself with truisms when I cornered him at his hotel at the crack of dawn. "We did not take our chances," he said. "And when we did, the Welsh goalkeeper stopped everything. His save from Stenischek in the last minute was quite incredible. If he's a reserve, then Wales must have a goalkeeper under every tree."

National Coach

IT was at government level that Ghana secured their new national coach, Carlos Alberto Perreira, persuading the Brazilian government to put pressure on Fluminense to release him from his contract. So his lack of success to date has brought rumblings and questions in high places.

To begin with, Perreira is only 24, and not, as the Ghana FA had been led to believe, an experienced coach in his mid-40s. Youthful impetuosity may be behind his extraordinary and tactless criticism of his principal colleague, Gyamfi, in his first press conference at the airport, when he had actually gone there to meet him.

Perreira claimed that the 4-2-4 system, which Gyamfi had instituted and publicly supported, was "hopelessly out of date, and that no reputable coach would use it". He said that the "modern" tactic of 4-3-3, which he intended to put into operation, would bring instant success. He also said, quite staggeringly, that better results for the national side would come from superior physical preparation rather than from an improvement in technique or tactics: further enquiries in Brazil showed that his contribution to the success of Fluminense youth teams had been as a professor of physical training, not as a coach selecting teams and systems.

Ghana's worst fears proved justified when, 15 days after his arrival, he ordered the champion club, Asante Kotoko, to give up its attacking style in favour of a defensive system horribly akin to *catenaccio*. In the African Club Cup Final against the Congo Kinshasa club, Engelbert, this resulted in a huge gulf between attack and defence, with no player quite sure what role he should adopt. Shortly after this defeat Ghana played in the African Nations' Cup in Ethiopia, neither attacking competently nor presenting an effective defence, as could be seen from their goal average, ten for, eight against. Ghana only reached the final because the Ivory Coast goalkeeper made a huge mistake, and lost to Congo Kinshasa in the final: a team who, in the pre-Perreira era, they had beaten 5-1 on their own ground.

Sharp Contrast

AC MILAN's remarkable victory in the Italian championship — five weeks before the end of the season, a sharp contrast to last year's sensational finale — has vindicated Nereo Rocco, most infamous of all Italian coaches. When the players heard he was coming back to them, in succession to the luckless and ailing Liedholm, there were groans all round: some of them had endured his barbaric training methods, his whiplash tongue during his previous dictatorship.

European Cup-Winners' Cup, Quarter Final, 1st Leg, March 6, 1968. The Torpedo Team line up before the start of the match against Cardiff. (L.P.A.)

But Rocco has certainly given Milan a new backbone after years of dilatory performances in the Italian League. Their great accomplishment, this season, has been to come from behind, and to take risks — by Italian criteria, that is — in away matches.

Rocco does not pretend any noble reasons for swimming against the mainstream of *calcio*. "The fact is," he told me bluntly, "our defence is not quite up to *catenaccio* when the pressure is really on. In any case, there is little point in bringing back Rivera, Prati or Hamrin into defence. They are not naturally defensive players, they don't like tackling opponents, and they are not very good at it. There is only one thing worse than an opponent with the ball in a gap that everyone can see: an opponent in a gap created by some idiot in your own team who has missed a tackle.

"There are several reasons why we have won the championship. To begin with, the pressure was never really sustained by our usual rivals, Inter and Juventus. Inter have had an internal crisis, which affected the players' form; Juve have had one eye on the championship and one on the European Cup, which makes running difficult.

"That doesn't mean I think we would have folded up under pressure. Any team of mine that folded up would wish they hadn't. No torture they could undergo on the field would be worse than my training session after they did. When I arrived, Milan had had it soft: there had been a sort of interregnum, with no one in authority, and the players did more or less what they liked. Some of them were shattered after I put them through my usual routine, and I let them off lightly, too.

"That's been the difference this season: towards the end of a game we've been sharper. If the physical side comes naturally, without effort, all the concentration stays on the skills. We've scored our best goals in the last few minutes.

"I don't like to single out individual players, but you must have appreciated how effective Prati and Rivera have been in the centre. Prati is a natural front runner, with lots of guts and ability; but he can't think for himself. Rivera, this year, has given him really good service: balls a yard or two in front, so he can take them flat out and use his speed to add pace to his shot.

"If you've got the natural ability, I always believe beating an opponent really fast is more decisive. No one can cover, the goalkeeper may be out of position, and a spectacular goal is always more demoralising. Prati is still young, and a bit inexperienced, but given time could be one of the best forwards in Europe.

"Rivera had a bad spell before I came back, partly, I think, because Milan played out of position. When they couldn't score goals, they forced Rivera to play further upfield and try dribbling against tight defences. Of course he got kicked — he's not really a strong player, physically — and lost his nerve a bit. In midfield, he can't be got at so easily, and he's been brilliant in some games.

"This wouldn't have been enough, though, without Hamrin. Any team with brains in their heads could have plugged the centre, just by bringing an extra forward back to the penalty area. But when Fiorentina let us have Hamrin — they must have been crazy to let him go, absolutely crazy — we had two options, wing play, and centre play. All right, so Hamrin is past his best, but then his best was fantastic: show me a better winger in Italy, even in Europe. Even with *catenaccio*, stopping attacks from two or three different directions at once asks too much of defenders.

"Hamrin, I think, tilts the balance between this team and the one that took the European Cup when I was last here. I would like a player like Maldini as a stopper or sweeper-up, but otherwise, I am more or less satisfied with our resources.

"But don't go telling this bunch of lay-abouts that: if they think they're doing well, they'll slack. You've got to give them hell all the time, keep them angry. As long as they think I'm an absolute swine, who needs only one excuse to send them to the salt-mines, they'll keep going. It's no good fining them, I know: they just have a whip round and come to training with a smirk on their faces."

As I left Milanello, the training camp on Via Civitavecchia outside the city, Milan were sweating out a second hour in the sun. Rocco, the pocket dictator, beamed happily. He's getting on now — 56 on May 20 — but his bite is still worse than his bark. Rocco has had a formidable run of success with Padua, Torino and twice with AC, after a comparatively obscure career at Triestina, where he won one international cap at inside-forward. Rocco was born in Trieste, then part of Italia Irridenta, or unredeemed Italy. Redeemed it was, but Rocco, to most of his players, is quite beyond redemption.

Competent Coach

FERNANDO RIERA has lost his lawsuit against Benfica for breach of contract, and has even been made to pay back some of the compensation he thought inadequate — some £1,400 without counting legal costs. In spite of Benfica's success in reaching the final stages of the European Cup without slackening their grip on the Portuguese League, many critics still feel Riera their most competent coach.

A valid criterion, so monopolistic is their football, must be results against Benfica's only serious rivals, Sporting Club de Lisbon. Of their six coaches in six years (a sign of the wavering favours of Benfica's board of directors), only Riera has escaped a defeat by Sporting: his teams won 3-1 and drew 1-1. Otto Gloria, in the days before Eusebio, lost his three matches 1-0, 2-0 and 2-1; Bela Guttmann at least won one of his four, the last, 3-1, after two 1-1 draws and a 3-1 defeat. Elek Schwartz's team drew 2-2; Lajos Czeizler's lost 3-1 . . . which brings us to Riera's successor, Fernando Cabrita: the week he took over, Sporting beat Benfica 4-1, a dreadful day, one can be sure, that will be remembered when all the good days are forgotten.

ERIC BATTY says

Hacking AND Kicking

Officialdom gives the nod to–

MORE than 100 years ago the Rugby people seceded from the Football Association following a dispute over hacking. Each code went its own way and with the passing of time it became clear that the two games were divorced. In Rugby the emphasis is on handling the ball, while in soccer it is on kicking the ball.

Perhaps it would be fairer to say that in soccer there are now alternatives, for kicking the ball has quite definitely gone out of fashion. Now it seems players can choose—to kick the ball or kick an opponent, and it has become clear that all the fuss about *hacking* back in 1863 was just a waste of time.

Strictly according to the laws of soccer, hacking is still barred but as everyone knows the law has fallen into disrepute. According to law, kicking an opponent or striking an opponent are absolutely unforgiveable and anyone guilty of such an offence should be sent off immediately. Nowadays referees seem to expect such conduct and appear to have decided that players will only be sent off when such action is unavoidable.

Attitude

For much of the time referees prefer not to see the darker side of football life and a typical example of this attitude can be seen at corner-kicks. The team winning the corner frequently sends their centre-half (usually the biggest and strongest player they have and not a man that one would willingly tangle with when sober). Positioning himself right on the goal line, immediately in front of the goalkeeper, he is obviously there for just one reason. He cannot possibly hope to score a goal with the 'keeper standing right next to him for according to the laws of the game, the goalkeeper is allowed to use his hands.

Do referees wonder why the stopper positions himself on the goal-line? or do they not want to know? Whatever the reason the referee clearly prefers to study the ball which lies innocently beside the corner flag.

There is only one reason why a player is sent forward to position himself right on the goal-line at corner-kicks. This without any shadow of doubt is to obstruct the goalkeeper. It is done quite deliberately and arranged as a normal part of the pre-match planning: Bill takes the corners, George "nobbles" the goalkeeper and Tom and John try to get their headers in.

Do referees not know that this goes on? Of course they do, but they pretend not to notice it. There is now no doubt in my mind. Either the referees of today are totally incompetent or they are afraid that stern action will bring complaints from the clubs and result in their names being removed from the list of referees. I do not claim to know which of these two possibilities is correct but I am quite sure that there is no alternative. Either they don't know or they *don't want to know!*

The greatest problem of all is the alleged form of tackling from behind when a forward receives a pass at his feet. Steaming in to the back of his opponent the defender's boot makes contact with the forward's heel, calf or foot, but very seldom gets the ball. This particular brand of butchery has been growing steadily more and more popular for several years but it has now reached the point where it can be assumed that referees regard this as permissible. There is no hope of action from referees now, unless defenders began to swing clubs or axes.

We have reached a point where what one does to an opponent does not matter and as long as players do not swear at referees or argue with them they will not be sent off.

Even the Football Association, for all it's prattling and memorandums has *done* nothing to help matters. If players with known bad records were to be banned for six months or twelve months it would be a positive step and encourage referees to enforce the laws of the game, but here again the FA Boards are loathe to bar an expensive player for such a lengthy period.

Another very popular habit which goes unpunished is the practice of standing in front of the ball when opponents are awarded a free-kick. Clubs now organise a rota for this duty in case some referee should forget himself or become temporarily insane and do something about it We need only one referee to pluck up the courage to send a man off for this and his colleagues would follow suit.

Disguised

Right at the heart of it all is the real bogey of the contemporary game—the win bonus. It may be disguised as a "share of the gate receipts" or paid according to the league position held by the club but whichever way one works it out the biggest bonuses go to the teams that win. Today winning is all. The game doesn't matter.

There isn't much that can be done about this for even if the win-bonus was banned the clubs would find a way to pay it under some other guise.

Now and again one hears of a club fining a player who has been sent off and no doubt many people are tempted to applaud. However, I regard most of these gestures with amusement for the players are not disciplined by their clubs for kicking opponents or unsporting behaviour. THEY ARE DISCIPLINED BECAUSE THEY GET SENT OFF AND LEAVE THEIR TEN COLLEAGUES TO PLAY AGAINST ELEVEN. Clearly that makes it difficult to obey the first rule of modern soccer ... which is to win.

All these thoughts came from a few words I saw recently in UEFA's Official Bulletin for March, 1968. Under the heading ... European Championship—a big success ... it said ... 90 Preliminary matches ... an average of approximately 31,000 per match ... it is even more gratifying that they were equally successful from the sporting point of view: during the total of these 90 highly competitive games only three players had to be sent off the field *which proves that the overwhelming majority of the matches were played in an excellent spirit of fair play and sportsmanship.*

The words are UEFA's and the italics are mine, but what a laugh and how childish to assume that only three players should have been sent off. Had every player who deliberately kicked an opponent been sent off in those 90 games the total might have been as high as 300.

Hacking and kicking are obviously here to stay. The clubs are definitely not going to take the necessary action while the referees are afraid to. Now it seems that officialdom has decided that the problems have been overcome.

Speaking Personally

by Leslie Vernon

● *Continued from page 8*

A. *Carlos Roberto, Moreira, Hilton, Rogeiro, Eduardo and Rivelino—all under 20 years of age!*

Q. **Mexico?**

A. *We have still got to improve further, but I do not think that the English and German players will be able to run around for 90 minutes non-stop, as they did in London.*

This last remark might be quite true, but our friend Moreira does not mention how long his own players will be able to keep up the pressure in the high altitude of Mexico. It is a fact that the Brazilians always had great faith in their own superiority.

I seem to remember that in 1966 they were celebrating the forthcoming victory even before a ball was kicked in the Finals. Anyway, if the battle of words have already begun, the real thing can't be too far off. Hurrah!

Peter McCloy the Motherwell goalkeeper did not have a particularly enjoyable match against the English League and this shows the second goal being scored. (A.)

This Summer Launch

WITH nothing but a passing interest left in the European Championship, Scotland launch their World Cup bid with friendly internationals against Holland and Russia at the end of May.

Much has been made of the fact that all Scotland's leading club sides — and doubtless their English counterparts, too — will be touring, thus making the release of Scotland's best players impossible.

So again Bobby Brown, slammed for his tactics after the 1-1 draw with England at Hampden, is on a cleft stick. He will be panned again by some critics if the Scots are beaten in Holland, or thrashed in the USSR.

Yet before the side even leaves Scotland's shores, all who know anything about football must realise that it bears a "sub-standard" label.

How Brown must wish he had the same powers as his West German counterpart, Helmut Schon, who gives the German equivalent of Kitchener's "Your country needs you", and the stars of the Bundesliga come running.

The West German FA have made it clear to their clubs that they MUST release players to Schon, and the national coach has already made splendid use of such a set-up.

Bobby Brown, on the other hand, has to ASK the whole time if he can have the use of players, so obviously, while Austria and Cyprus are also in Scotland's World Cup qualifying section, the West Germans must start as favourites.

Not simply because they were finalists in the last competition, losing only in extra time to England, but because they are able to plan in much greater depth for their assault on Mexico, 1970.

Yet the bringing into being of the complete British International competition to the end of the season next year, and in 1970, must help the chances not only of the Scots, but of Wales and Ireland, too, for this out-of-the-English-season competition in May will allow the three smaller Home countries to get all their established stars together for a lengthy period.

This is, as I see it, Scotland's one hope of getting really organised. I know that Schon was impressed by their possibilities even in the so-disappointing match with England.

I know, too, that reaction from the Scottish players to the news that all international matches in the Home Championship will be played within 10 days could not have been bettered.

Even in the 2-0 defeat by the English League at Middlesbrough in mid-March, Scotland again showed that as far as pure skill is concerned, she retains the edge over an English set-up that has brought method football to a fine art.

Now Scotland, too, must find method, and not persist in the madness that skill will always succeed.

That is one of Bobby Brown's major tasks if he is to push the Scots to a position of prominence once more.

BUT ALAS, IT IS NOT HIS SOLE IMMEDIATE PROBLEM.

Ironically, the greatest player-problem confronting Brown — a world-class goalkeeper with Queen's Park and Rangers, plus of course Scotland — is GOALKEEPER!

Celtic's Ronnie Simpson is still far and away the most reliable 'keeper in the country, but at 38, cannot be considered a long-term policy.

Indeed, just after playing his first-ever international for Scotland, against England in the 3-2 victory of 1967 at Wembley, Simpson himself told me in the Scottish dressing room: "I don't suppose I'll ever have another cap, but that won't upset me."

Even the remarkable Ronnie, who has guarded the goals of Queen's Park, Newcastle (in Wembley Cup Finals, too), Hibs and Celtic, is honest enough to realise that while technically he is the best bloke we have around, he's not guaranteed to be as agile at 40, when the World Cup in Mexico comes along.

Indeed, as I write, even Celtic are planning for the day when Simpson is no longer their first choice, and they seem certain to make a replacement signing in Yugoslavia, that wonderful breeding ground of footballers who later perform in all parts of Europe.

Consistent

The frightening thing for Brown is that the next two most consistent 'keepers to Simpson in Scotland — of the Scots, that is, as one or two clubs have Scandinavians! — are Partick Thistle's equally evergreen George Niven, a "youngster" of 37, and Kilmarnock's Sandy McLaughlan, a Sunderland reject and Scottish League international of the distant past who is going to be pushing the 30 mark by Mexico.

Of the younger school, Bobby Clark — substitute for Simpson against England at Hampden, although not required to play — has Aberdeen fans convinced some Saturdays that he MUST be the man to follow former Dons' favourite Fred Martin into a permanent place in the Scottish side.

Yet Clark has been found wanting in representative tests.

Peter McCloy of Motherwell, the man who played against the English League at Middlesbrough, was not foot perfect either, while the man everyone thought was a natural to retain the berth for years to come, Bobby Ferguson, has had an amazingly changeable season with West Ham, whose cheque to Kilmarnock of £65,000 for Ferguson made him Britain's costliest 'keeper.

Until a replacement for Simpson is found, I cannot see how any long-reaching planning can even be attempted, for surely no man in a side is more important to planning than the 'keeper himself.

● Brown in cleft stick over games

● A first-class goalkeeper needed

Scottish News

by

JOHN STONE

ROBOTS TAKEN OVER FOOTBALL

WE live in an age when robots have taken over from the stars. Nowadays, fans talk nearly as much about teams as they do of the players who make up the teams. Leeds set the trend in the First Division. Sir Alf Ramsey's England set the lead in the world.

Man for man, these teams of today are better than the teams of the past because more thought and planning goes into the game. Mistakes lead to excitement in soccer but today mistakes are eliminated.

Thrills are fewer because wingers don't get past their full-backs like they used to. The centre-half doesn't fall over on the centre circle and leave the centre-forward a free run to goal any more. There is always someone covering. The game is tighter . . . but better.

Are there any stars left? Of course there are. Probably more than any other time in the history of the game. But most of them don't appear to shine because they do the quiet jobs . . . like Tommy Smith in the Liverpool defence, Nobby Stiles for Manchester United and England and so on.

There are plenty of stars in forward lines as well and here are my top ten, the players I most like to watch:

1 George Best (Manchester United)
2 Charlie Cooke (Chelsea).
3 Peter Osgood (Chelsea).
4 Colin Bell (Manchester City).
5 Rodney Marsh (QPR).
6 Keith Weller (Millwall).
7 Derek Dougan (Wolves)
8 Jimmy Greaves (Spurs).
9 Barry Bridges (Birmingham).
10 Tony Green (Blackpool).

I don't think many people would disagree about Best, even Manchester City fans. He's the most natural footballer in Britain. Matt Busby lets him play and because he doesn't do the obvious things, he has the beating of most defenders.

Best turns on the ball quicker than any player I have seen and his balance and speed are such that he rarely finds himself chopped to the ground. The hackers have a good try but like a good boxer, he is invariably moving out of range when they get their kick in.

Sir Alf Ramsey rates him the best forward in the British Isles. His performance for Northern Ireland against Scotland this season was the greatest single-contribution to a team's success I have ever seen. Undoubtedly England would have had a much easier path to World Cup success had Best been an Englishman.

Charlie Cooke? Well he is still the enigma, a player who has yet to realise the potential of all that talent. Put the ball at his feet, let him run, and he will race round half a dozen defenders. Unfortunately for Chelsea, most of this running round takes place in midfield where it doesn't matter.

Cooke is infuriating but I love him. No one in the game can dribble quite as brilliantly as he can and he does it at such a blistering speed. As an entertainer he probably has more admirers than Best but with him the ball often ends up in the net. Cooke too often flatters to deceive.

by
BRIAN SCOVELL

Peter Osgood? Well he can take them on and beat them at speed too. And sometimes he finishes it off with a shot in the back of the net. Osgood is also good in the air. Chelsea manager Dave Sexton calls him the coming Alfredo di Stefano of England because like di Stefano he does a tremendous stint of defensive work.

Colin Bell? Well he's more of a player in the modern idiom. A good strong runner off the ball, a good passer in tight situations and a worker. Few players surge through as powerfully as he does from midfield. He can take defenders on but prefers to lay the ball off and go. And how he goes!

Colin Bell (right) of Manchester City who is one of the writer's top players, chases a loose ball with Peter Lorimer (Leeds United). (Green.)

Showman

Rodney Marsh? Perhaps the top showman of them all. I've seen him squeeze through four defenders in a couple of square yards. For sheer cheek and improvised genius he leads the field. But often he appears to be taking it easy.

I'm sure that like Osgood he is really trying but his style, like Osgood's, is deceptively casual. He is not an "urgent" player. A hearing defect in one ear possibly stops him hearing calls from his fellow players which may account for much of his unorthodoxy.

Keith Weller? Here's a surprise to most people. But anyone who has watched 22-year-old Weller for Millwall last season will no doubt agree with me that here is one of the up and coming talents of the English soccer scene.

Weller used to be a rather plodding winger with Spurs. One pace they said. Bill Nicholson sold him to Millwall for £20,000 and since then Weller has been moved into midfield. Now he does a Charlie Cooke AND scores goals. Millwall won't put a price on him but I know they would turn down £100,000 if a First Division club offered it.

Derek Dougan? Second only to Marsh as the supreme showman. He is still scoring goals. Still play acting. Still feigning innocence. He can be a "villain" sometimes and loves it when the crowd start barracking him.

Jim Greaves? A year ago I would have had him at the top but a slight loss in speed and reactions has cost Jim that split second start which he used to have on everybody else. More than anyone now playing, he has been the victim of modern tactical defensive play.

Barry Bridges? Here's one player who hasn't lost his speed. You don't know quite what he is going to do once he is away and it's this uncertainty that makes him such an entertainer.

Said a fellow Birmingham player: "He'll either hit the top of the terraces or the back of the net."

Finally Tony Green of Blackpool. I can imagine Liverpool fans saying what about Peter Thompson. Southampton fans urging the claims of Ron Davies. Everton fans screaming about Alan Ball.

But I saw Green a couple of times this last season and I liked his tidy dribbling and his intelligent running. I'm sure he would do well in the First Division

Apologies to the stars I haven't mentioned but this is a personal list of players who give *me* most pleasure when I see them.

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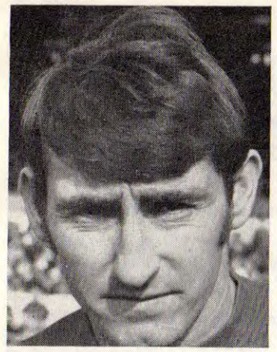

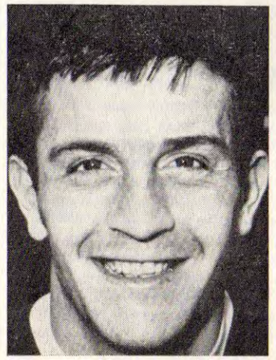

Four names in the news top to bottom: Ron Rees (now West Bromwich Albion), the late Grenville Hair, Alan Stephenson (now West Ham), Willie Irvine (now Preston). (Pictures respectively P.P.I., Prov., A. and A.)

Looking back in '3 D' it was a Month of DECISION DEATH and DEADLINE!

THE season 1967–68 if it is not recalled for the vast amounts of money laid out by clubs in transfer fees, will be remembered as the period in which clubs from the Third and Fourth Divisions earned the displeasure of both the Football Association and the Football League in respect of payments to players. The punishment meted out to Peterborough was established and announced before the turn of the year and we already know that the club will be relegated to Division Four this month, irrespective of their final position in the Third Division table.

To add to this case, Port Vale, whose general manager is Sir Stanley Matthews, will be expelled from the League with the proviso that they can make immediate application to rejoin at the League AGM at which, we are assured, it is almost certain Port Vale will be re-elected to Division IV.

The details of the cases in question need not concern us here save to say that both clubs were accused and found guilty of making payments to players which are strictly forbidden and the comment that both organisations have been "unlucky" does not alter the situation one way or the other. Irregularities in football are rumoured almost every year and, doubtless, on the occasions in question both controlling bodies have found it necessary to investigate simply because the evidence was so strong and the noise so loud, they could not afford to ignore it.

The fairness of the punishment given to Peterborough and Port Vale was, however, a matter which concerned almost everyone connected with the game. In the case of Peterborough, the club were fined £500 and demoted to a lower division at the end of the season. This being the case, when the FA fined Port Vale £2,000 and then passed the matter to the Football League, it was assumed Port Vale would be expelled from the League competition and it was at this point numerous non-League outfits began to get excited at the thought of pressing forward with an application to join the League in place of Vale.

EXPELLED

The Football League deliberated a very long time over the matter and, finally, came to the conclusion that if Peterborough had been told they would be automatically relegated for their sins, it followed that as they could not relegate Port Vale, the club must be expelled. Eventually, the announcement was made very much along the lines expected, but with a rider which was a little unexpected.

Port Vale, the League said, would be expelled, but they could apply for re-election almost at once. It was quickly obvious, Vale would be back amongst us next season as their long time League friends rushed to assure them of voting support.

It was, of course, a generous gesture and well in keeping with the best traditions of the League who stand by old comrades in fine and foul weather.

Re-election becoming almost a certainty, the vital difference between the punishment of Peterborough and Port Vale was a financial one. Peterborough were fined £500 by a joint FA and League Commission whereas Port Vale were fined £2,000 by the FA and a further £2,000 by the League.

The directors of Port Vale were able to say the money for the fines would be paid from their own pockets and the sporting fraternity were left to wonder if justice had truly been done in both instances or only seen to be done. The long time association of Port Vale with the League competition played a considerable part in the deliberations, one would have thought, and in attempting to rationalise the punishments, their years of service must have counted for a great deal.

COMMENCE

The long and protracted arguments concerning players' allegiance is almost at an end. No longer will they have to choose between club and country. Next season will commence on the second Saturday in August—the tenth — which means there will be four full week-ends in August, plus all the mid-week matches. This means the programme will be fairly well advanced after the opening month with the League fixtures completed before the end of April. The FA Cup Final is scheduled for April 26 and the international fixtures between the home countries (six matches in all) will be played in one week from May 3 to May 10.

This arrangement will give a much fairer chance to Ireland and Wales, particularly badly placed in recent years when so often club calls have reduced their international combinations to little short of mockery. The Football League vote on the motion was passed inside half an hour by 45 votes to four indicating to what extent the League now wish to help the home international bodies and especially Sir Alfred Ramsey, who will need all the assistance he can get in season 1969–70 when he will be shaping his squad for Mexico.

The new arrangements will eliminate a very considerable cause for concern in that it will be unnecessary for League games to be postponed because of international calls. It will also bring to an end an acrimonious argument, particularly applicable to the Scots, who have recently elected to name 18 or more players in much the same way as England only making a match selection a day or so before the game. This has meant English League clubs often in some doubt as to whether they would be able to apply for permission to postpone a League game with players in the "pool", but not knowing if their services would be needed on the day in question.

The Welsh and Irish authorities were anxious not to lose valuable revenue from Saturday internationals, but their agreement to the new arrangement appears to suit all concerned and can only be disturbed by clubs requiring players for European competitions. If players

ENGLISH REVIEW

LESLIE PAGE

were needed for matches of this kind, it would mean the clubs concerned had fought their way to the concluding stages and, doubtless, any of the Home countries would be happy to grant releases without hesitation.

LIMITED

Forecasting the eventually successful clubs this May presented the usual difficulties, although those chasing honours were strictly limited. Manchester United, dismissed from the FA Cup at the Third Round stage, continued their pressure in Division I right up to the final stages. More important, however, United arrived in the semi-finals of the European Cup for the fourth time and the air was strong with best wishes for Matt Busby, whose players are dedicated to bringing this trophy home to Old Trafford for very many reasons, but most of all because it is the one important honour to which Manchester United have not laid claim in the last decade.

Denis Law, with a recurring knee ailment, was prevented from taking his place in the fight and at one time it was fondly imagined Matt Busby would step into the transfer market for the first time for many moons. He did not, however, and with Europe's favourite son, Bobby Charlton, content with his mid-field role much of the striking power was in the hands of George Best and young Brian Kidd, already a complete part of the United organisation after only one season with the seniors.

Nobby Stiles returned after absence little changed from his World Cup self, Pat Crerand grafted and planned with remarkable consistency and altogether the team were still the biggest draw in Europe and one might well say, the world, without much argument.

The talents of Leeds United were finally rewarded with a League Cup Final victory over Arsenal, their first major honour after some years of promise. Leeds still maintained an interest in the League, the FA Cup and the Inter-Cities Fairs' Cup as late as the start of April and the sheer professionalism of Don Revie's men deserved praise. They were truly a team in every sense and Revie would never have it any other way. From a rather dour, defensive outfit providing football of a quality sometimes less than entertaining, they developed into a side feared for their aggression and thrust.

Manchester City with but a single purpose in view (the League Championship) did not disappoint those who had them tabbed by mid-season to improve considerably on their fifteenth place last term after three seasons in Division II. Francis Lee, transferred from Bolton, challenged Geoff Hurst of West Ham as leading goal scorer in the top section and the number of goals scored by City, generally, encouraged Joe Mercer to think majestically. Liverpool (still two interests as April blossomed) could not be ignored as by grafting persistence, Bill Shankly's long established combination allowed no nonsense at Anfield.

PLUNGED

Spurs released their grip on the FA Cup to the Liverpool crowd not having won at Anfield since 1912, although they improved after a mid-season falter with Martin Chivers providing a useful spearhead. Big spenders to keep out of trouble were Ronnie Allen of Wolves and Noel Cantwell of Coventry. Wolves stepped in for Frank Wignall of Nottingham Forest while Coventry, staring misfortune in the face on all counts, saw their main stand and offices destroyed by fire. After parting with Bobby Gould to Arsenal for £90,000 and Ronnie Rees to West Bromwich for £65,000, Noel Cantwell plunged heavily as the transfer deadline drew near by paying £135,000 in combined fees for the services of Ernie Hunt from Everton and Chris Cattlin from Huddersfield, the club which specialises in producing and selling full-backs.

In addition to Coventry, Sheffield United, who surprised us all by putting West Ham out of the FA Cup at Upton Park, faced relegation problems and Sunderland stood unhappy and afraid. Hopes that Fulham could avoid the drop which has bugged them for the past six or seven seasons, forced them to part with £25,000 for the signature of ex-England man Johnny Byrne from Crystal Palace.

Queen's Park Rangers continued to hope they could bring Division I soccer to their part of West London and engaged in talks with the White City authorities on the possibility of moving to this location, which they surely believe will be needed by those anxious to see Rodney Marsh and his comrades in action. Portsmouth faltered, Ipswich, Blackpool and Birmingham improved their threats. The once proud Preston North End faced a grim prospect, despite the £45,000 signing of Willie Irvine from Burnley, although in greater relegation danger were Rotherham, despite their FA Cup performances, and Plymouth who offered little hope to the South-West.

Palace, eventually, sold Alan Stephenson to West Ham for around £90,000,

RETURNED

Walsall lost way in Division III, leaving Torquay, Bury and Shrewsbury to argue the point. Dick Graham left Orient and landed as assistant-manager at Walsall and Jimmy Bloomfield returned to London as player-manager hoping to stave off the big drop and continue Graham's stout work. Luton kept up the good work in Division IV thanks to the patient guidance of Alan Brown and looked likely to begin the long, hard grind back up the ladder down which they fell so heavily.

Swansea's Vetch Field ground was ravaged by fire and damage to the main stand was estimated at £35,000. Bradford City manager, Grenville Hair, aged 36, died during a training stint with the players, only four weeks after taking over from Willie Watson. Jimmy Greenhalgh, the Darlington manager, who took the club to Division III in 1966 and saw them relegated after one campaign, lost his job, but was snapped up by Middlesbrough as coach. The 1966 promotion came after 41 years of trying. Chester manager, Peter Hauser, also lost his job.

Terry Cooper (second from left behind Jackie Charlton), scores for Leeds through the packed Arsenal goalmouth to give the Yorkshire side the League Cup trophy. (A.)

A Short Story by BRIAN GLANVILLE

Acknowledgements are made to Brian Glanville, whose story The Joker is taken from his book *The King of Hackney Marshes* and to Jonathan Cape Ltd., 30 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

The JOKER

HE got there the same time as I did, Bobby; we were in the "A" team together, then in the Reserves, and we played our first league game within two weeks of one another.

He was like that ever since I've known him, always on with these jokes; only the older he got, see, the further he seemed to go. Another thing he always had was this deadpan look, even when he was a boy. He'd say, "What, me? Oh, no; no, it wasn't *me*," and he'd look so innocent, you'd believe him — later on, I sometimes thought he believed it himself.

Bobby was a London boy, from Hackney, or somewhere down there; he was a bit too quick for me, when I arrived, I wasn't used to all that, just coming from a little Welsh village. He'd say something with this dead serious look of his, and all the other boys would laugh, and I'd keep quiet, and he'd say to me, "What's the matter, then, Taff? Don't they speak English in your part of the world?"

"Not the kind *you* speak," I'd say. "I never heard nothing like that there."

"Well, they *can't* speak English, then," he'd say, "because that's what *I'm* speaking. It must be bloody Welsh they talk down there."

Then one day he played a joke on me. I turned up at the ground —the "A" team trained out at Harrow, then, and it must have been a Friday, because that was the day they always picked the teams. Bobby met me when I come in, and he said, "What are *you* doing here?" and I said, "Come for training; what do you think I'm doing here?" and he said, "*You* shouldn't be here, you should be up at the Stadium; you're in the first team Saturday, haven't you heard?"

I said, "I haven't heard nothing," and I didn't believe him, because I'd only had four or five games in the Eastern Counties side, let alone the Combination.

"Well," he said, "I only heard this morning, myself. It come through on the phone here, but I thought they'd have rung you at your lodgings—probably they hadn't made up their minds. Joe Cooper still isn't fit, you see, and Ray Consett's down with flu."

Joe Cooper was the first team centre-half, he'd pulled a muscle, and Ray Consett was the reserve.

"You'd better get up to the ground," he said, "they'll be waiting for you; they're leaving on the 12 o'clock, for Bolton."

So I collected my boots and turned around and off I went. I was so surprised I didn't know how I felt, whether I was more nervous or excited.

Anyway, when I got to the Stadium, the first person I see is Ray Consett, large as life and twice as bloody ugly, looking as well as I did. I said, "Hallo, Ray, I thought you'd got flu," and he gave me a bit of an old-fashioned look, and said, "There's nothing wrong with me, son. Who told you that?"

I said, "As a matter of fact, it was Bobby Dell; he told me you weren't playing tomorrow."

"Oh, he did, did he?" he says, "the young bugger. And I suppose he told you you *were* playing?"

"Yes," I said, "he did."

"Well, if I was you, son," he said, "I'd go right back down there and I'd belt him one."

I was so choked I just stood there for a minute, taking it all in, then I turned round and went straight out again and back to Harrow.

When I got there, Bill Mailer, he was the third team coach then, said, "Where have you been, then?" and I said, "I was misdirected. I was here ten o'clock, and I was told they wanted me at the club."

Then I went into the dressing-room and all the lads were getting stripped to go off for lunch, and Bobby looked at me and he said, "What, you back already, then?" and I just went up to him and I hit him, right on the nose, and he went down on the bench there, then all the rest of the lads come round and they pulled us apart. He didn't play no more jokes on me after that.

When we was 18, we both went into the Army, and I didn't see much of him for the next couple of years; I was in Germany. Now and again I'd hear things about him, he was up to his old games. There was one time he was meant to have turned up as an officer and inspected the guard. He was a left-winger then, but by the time he come out of the Army, he'd put on a bit of weight, and they were playing him inside-forward. As for me, I was still a centre-half.

The first week I was back, I remember, he was at it again.

There were three telephones at the ground, one in the front office, one in the manager's office, and one in the dressing-room. Anyway, what happened was Bobby went into the front office one morning when we was all in the dressing-room with Bill Mailer—he'd told us what he was up to—and suddenly the phone goes, and it's for Bill. I took it and I said, "It's for you, Bill, it's the Chairman's secretary," and Bill takes it from me, very cautious—you know how he is—and we hear Bobby's voice at the other end saying, "What's that? Who are you?" and he says, "I'm Mailer, sir."

Bobby says, "What's that? *Sailor?* What's sailors got to do with a football club?" and Bill says, "Not 'sailor', sir, *Mailer*. You wanted to speak to me."

"*I* don't want to speak to you," Bobby says, "it's the Chairman—only he's just gone out," and we can see Bill's face getting longer and longer, he was always afraid for his job, was Bill; he'd say yes to anything or anybody.

So Bobby says, "Do you know how to give a massage?" and Bill says, "Yes, sir, but I'm not the trainer." He says, "I don't care if you *are* the trainer, this isn't just an ordinary massage, it's the Chairman's wife."

Well, we could hear that, too, and when he said it, one or two of the lads had to go outside, otherwise they'd have killed themselves not laughing; I was nearly laughing, myself.

Bobby said, "Have you had any experience massaging women?" and Bill said, yes, he'd had a little, and Bobby said, "I mean *professional* experience," and Bill said, "That's what I meant, sir."

"Well," he said, "come over right away, then. Never mind about the players; her ladyship's got a hairdressing appointment in an hour. Put some liniment in a bag and come straight over." Then he hung up.

Well, I felt a bit sorry for Bill, then; he was rushing all over the dressing-room like a blue-arsed fly. We said, "Where are you off to then, Bill?" and he said, "The Chairman's wife, I've got to give her a massage," and when he said that, we couldn't stop ourselves, we was rolling about all over the place. In the middle of it, Bobby walks in, dead serious, and he says, "Oh, Bill, a message come through for you just now in the front office; from the Chairman's secretary, I think it was. He says to forget about her ladyship, they'll make it another day — whatever that means."

Well, Bill gives him a look— he was packing his bag—and he says, "That wasn't you on that telephone just now, was it?" and Bobby says, "What telephone?" and Bill just nods to himself, and we don't hear no more of it. The funny thing was, Bobby never *said* nothing to him about it afterwards, he never admitted to it, and that was something I'd notice about all the jokes he played; it was almost like they wasn't jokes to him at all, they were serious.

TELEPHONE

He was always messing about with the telephone, doing different voices. Once, when we was away with the reserves at Bournemouth, on the station, he was in one phone-box, talking to Ron Harrell, the trainer, in the one right next door. What he'd done was he'd nipped into one, dialled the number of the other, and when the bell went the rest of us, that was in it, said, "Maybe you better answer it, Ron, it might be something important." Then when he picked up the phone, Bobby said, "Quick, it's a matter of life or death, get hold of the stationmaster and tell him Beryl's having it this afternoon."

So Ron did what he was told, he found the stationmaster, he gave him the message, and the stationmaster looked at him and he said, "Beryl? I don't know no Beryl," and Ron said, "That's what the message was, they said it was a matter of life and death."

He'd have a lot of fun with the young players, too; like he might say to one, "What do you keep calling the boss 'Mr. Oakley' for? This is a matey club. We don't stand on ceremony here; 'Tosh' is what we call him." Then the boss'd come in and the boy would say, "Morning, Tosh," and *he'd* say, "I'll give you bloody Tosh."

TRANSFER

Then Bobby'd pretend to be a reporter, he might ring up one of the boys and say, "I understand you put in for a transfer" —he did it once with Cliff Cox, our centre-forward — and Cliff said, "Transfer? I don't know nothing about no transfer."

"Well," he said, Bobby did, "that's the story we've got, and there's a hundred pounds in it for you for a signed article on why you want to leave." Then Cliff said, "But I'm not *going* on the list," and Bobby said, "All right, then we'll give you fifty pounds for an article saying why you've changed your mind."

He didn't mind who he played his jokes on, it could be players, it could be reporters, it could even be one of the directors. Like there was a time when we were on tour in Sweden in the close-season, and this particular director had this reputation, he'd never put his hand in his pocket for anything, though he was meant to be a rich man.

So when we were in the coach one day, coming back into Stockholm from a game, Bobby said, "I really felt clapped out today. I played terrible," and the rest of us played up to him, and we said, "Oh, you wasn't that bad, Bobby, just a little slow at times."

"Yes, I was," he says, "I was diabolical. I'm smoking too much, that's the trouble, I'm going to give it up. I'm throwing *everything* away; cigarettes, lighter, the lot."

Then he takes out a cigarette packet and throws it out of the window—only of course it hadn't got nothing in it. Then he says, "The lighter as well; I don't care if it *is* gold," and he takes out a lighter.

Well, then this director, Mr. Rogerson, this really starts worrying him, he can't bear to see anything *given* away, let alone thrown away, and he says, "No, no, don't do that, Bobby; if you don't want it, I'll buy it off you." And Bobby says, "No, it's no good, Mr. Rogerson, I'm throwing it away," and he opens the window again, and out it goes.

Of course, what we all knew and poor old Rogerson didn't was it's no more gold than my big toe; Bobby'd bought it that morning for a few bob, in one of the department stores. But all the rest of the way back, we can see Rogerson, thinking and thinking, and as soon as we're back at the hotel, he makes some excuse, jumps into a taxi, and off he goes.

Well, we let him go, then Bobby and I and two of the boys got another taxi, and off we go, after him. About a quarter-of-a-mile we get out and sneak up along the roadside behind some trees, and there he is all right, old Rogerson, down on his hands and knees with the taxi-driver; looking. I don't think he ever found it, though.

We all got a good laugh out of that, but in a way I thought it used to spoil Bobby, this joking; like if he'd given as much attention to his football as he did to his jokes, he might have gone further in the game. Because he was a good player, he had a lot of ability, Bobby. He was big and strong but he was a good ball player, too; you wouldn't have expected anyone his size to be so quick with it.

But he never seemed to be able to hold his place for long. He'd have, say, half a dozen games in the league side and do quite well, then he'd drop out again.

The funny thing was, when he played one of his jokes, he'd still never talk about it, and afterwards if you tried to discuss it with him, he'd look at you as if he didn't know what you was on about; it was sort of part of him and not part of him, if you see what I mean. And I don't think it helped him, having this reputation, because if things started to go wrong, it would be Bobby might get the blame, because they'd have it at the back of their minds that he wasn't taking it seriously. I know Ted Oakley had him up to the office one day and told him that if he didn't pack it up, he'd go on the list. Bobby didn't tell us himself; it sort of come down to us in a roundabout way.

That was after Bobby had rung up Sammy Bell, our goalkeeper, and told him there was a thousand quid in it for him if he threw a couple in against Rovers, in the Cup. Sammy went straight to the boss, the boss went straight to the police, and they set a trap, but of course no one turned up; they were just waiting about for an hour and a half on this street corner in Camden Town. Then Bobby rang Sammy again and made another appointment, this time for somewhere up in Palmer's Green, and it went on like this for nearly a week before they realised they were being had.

Ted Oakley guessed it was Bobby, but of course he couldn't prove nothing. He told Bobby, "I don't have to bloody prove it's you, I *know* it's you, and if you do it again, you're out."

It didn't make no difference, though.

He could be a bloody terror with women, too, especially when we were playing away from home or on tour abroad; he'd tell them anything. I've been with him in a dance hall up North when he told a couple of girls we was talent scouts up from London, trying to find a new star for a Hollywood film. He said, "They've got tired of all the old ones, Elizabeth Taylor and that; they're too well known. People don't go to the cinema no more, they sit at home and watch the television, and it's only a new face that'll bring them out." One of these two girls had a great big bust on her, and he said to her, "The moment I set eyes on you," he said, "I said to myself, there's another Marilyn Monroe," and she was listening to him, drinking it all in, and the end of it was they disappeared together.

I said to him afterwards, "What happened, Bobby?" but he wouldn't talk about that, either.

SETTLING

Then, after he'd been in and out of the first team five or six seasons, he seemed to be settling down a bit, maybe because he was getting more responsibility. Ronnie Wilcox had packed up at the end of the season to become a manager, and he'd been more or less running our forward-line for as long as I could remember; he'd been 32 ever since I'd known him. There was a lot of talk about the club going out to buy somebody, and filling the gap, but none of it came to anything, and in the end the boss called Bobby in and he told him he was going to give him a run. If he came off, he wouldn't look for anyone else; it was Bobby's position.

● *Continued on page 35*

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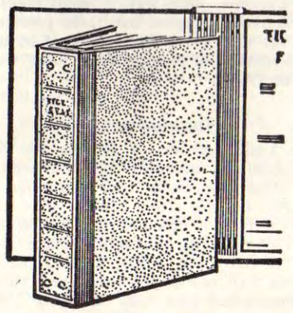

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Man in the Middle's Views

by SIDNEY CLARKSON

No equal to Horn

"KISSING", so the saying has it, "goes by favour". At the moment of writing few British clubs are favoured with the kiss of success that accompanies the entry into European competition. Glasgow, London, Nottingham, Manchester and now Leeds know something of the glamour of staging lucrative games with new and foreign visitors.

Leeds are aiming for further European entry through merit. It was always an anomaly that some teams could find their sides in an unwieldy Cities Fairs' competition on account of the commercial enterprise of its "City Fathers"!

All the European contests, some lasting over two seasons, or bridging climatic breaks, do draw undoubted interest. Being out of the immediate control of the English FA they are open to simultaneous display on television and so attract an unknown "gate" round the home screen! Invariably I read every report I can lay my hands upon in English and foreign versions, and notice how rarely the neutral referee is mentioned. Let's rectify that and have a look around at some of the top names that may still be asked to pontificate in competitions where there still is British interest.

RUDOLF KREITLEIN. (A.)

Looking first at the Netherlands, let it be said there is yet no equal to *Leo Horn*, the Dutch number one, who was quietly passed over when it came to selection for World Cup 1966. But the same soccer-minded land has fair-minded men in *Bogaerts*, and *von Ravens*, who has thrice graced the Hampden Park scene, including the Scotland v. Russia and Scotland v. England matches. From the same little land *J. N. Dorpman* was entrusted with the whistle in Leeds United's 4-2 home win over Kilmarnock in last year's Cities Fairs' semi-final.

Still in the Lowlands but over the border to Belgium are good men of FIFA class like *M. Chout*, *I. Hannet* and *Robert Schaut*, whom I saw take the opening game of the season of Bruges. One Belgian referee, *Monsieur M. Lauraux*, was not impressed with the simulated injuries and waiting German stretchers in an important Cup-Winners' semi-final. He simply dragged the "injured" player off the pitch by the heels and got on with the game. The player survived!

Sweden, with its emphasis upon physical fitness for the many rather than the individual, has long had a big following for competitive sports upon land, ice or water. For the 1948 London Olympics I recall their large vocal support, though they had only meagre success — a "gold" won by a Swedish postman who had been turned down for National Service on the grounds of flat feet. His success? The 50 kilometres road walk! But they do send an impressive quota of capable "middle men" such as *Bertil Loeowe*, who ran the line in the World Cup 1958 series, missed the South American games but controlled the Uruguay v. Mexico match at Wembley in 1966. The Swede *E. Bostram* had the Fairs' Cup tussle when Chelsea drew a record 59,000 crowd with Milan. Sweden also supplied *Hans Carlsson*, who was in good control when a lively Saragoza had three goals up on a wet and heavy Leeds ground in the first 13 minutes of their replayed Fairs' Cup game in 1966.

Impressive

The Latin fervour of Italians for the game overflows naturally into the control of it. One impressive cool controller is *Concetto Lobello* from Sicily and that country's No. 1 nominee for the World Cup 1966. A few journalists make two words of his name, calling him Lo Bello. My own city newspaper went even better and Frenchified him with "la Bello". He took the Yugoslavia v. Denmark game in the Olympics of 1960 and had also the stern quarter-final tussle in Lisbon between Benfica and Manchester United. In the drab European Cup-Winners' Cup Final at Nuremberg he silenced any possible dissent with an efficient disparaging gesture. There was no flagging in extra time from this alert and most fair official.

Like its national team, the prominent referees sent by Russia recently have a very correct if formal approach. *Mr. Latychev*, who had no less than four games and a line appointment in the South American 1962 series, became an assessor of referees for the '66 set.

Certainly he would be impressed by the imperturbable *Sergel Bakhramov* who, after taking the Spain v. Switzerland match at Sheffield, was honoured with the line duties in the Wembley World Cup Final. Little did he know of the controversy he would stir when from the line he was adamant, after consultation, about England's third goal in extra time which gave them the lead. A German magazine offered the equivalent of £100 for any photograph confirming that the ball had crossed the line completely. Cameras are not generally allowed on the touch-lines, so the Russian's viewpoint was unique.

Boundaries

A complete history of the game whenever compiled will have to record the tremendous progress made in Western Germany by its nationalised League. At the moment clubs like Eintracht Brunswick, Nuremberg and Bayern Munich are the equal of many in Europe. Its referees are known, too, beyond the boundaries of that hard-working land. *Rudolf Kreitlein*, the "valiant little tailor" from Stuttgart, will ever be remembered for his tussle in the World Cup with the disputing Argentine captain Rattin. It may not be generally known that *Kurt Tschencher* of the nearby Rhineland city of Mannheim came at short notice to make up the World Cup quota when a Mexican official so nominated was taken ill on the way in New York. This same German referee held the Inter-Milan v. Torpedo Champions' Cup game before a 60,000 gate and is obviously on the threshold of a long career in the middle. So also is *Gunther Baumgartel*, whom the *Yorkshire Post* described as the "best seen at Leeds for a long time". This game, by the way, was held up for ten frustrating minutes by the wanderings of a stray black dog on the pitch.

Finally, in this brief survey, we come to Switzerland, a country that has not easily managed to stay neutral in two World Wars. Being host to countless Peace conventions, the League of Nations as well as the nominal "home" of FIFA, has earned them a name as a competent judge of world affairs. Its Central European position has enabled its sports judges to travel any season by road, rail or air easily to centres of sporting conflict. The names of Wartzburg (1947), Lutz (1949), Wyssling (1951), Guidi (1956) and Mellet (1963) will be just names to a younger generation, but in those years these Swiss men had control over important international matches all over Europe long before English clubs realised the game was no longer insular. The Swiss FA is a stern critic of its own referees and after the poor handling of a drawn one-all game between Italy and Russia in Rome, suspended *M. Mellet* for some games in its own domestic League!

Artime of Independiente (on ground), the top scorer in the preliminary group of the South American Club Championship, beats Colombian goalie Quintana.

New Feature

Argentina Soccer Scene

Transfer market —hectic business

says ERIC WEIL

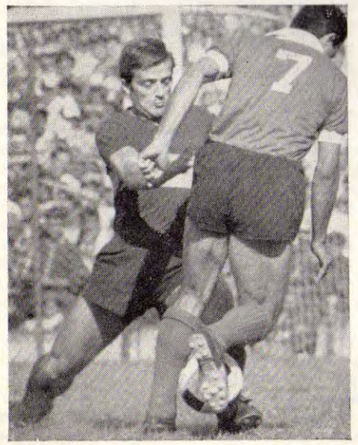
OVER £842,000 was spent in transfers or for loans of 111 players by the 22 Argentine First Division soccer clubs during the close season and although the transfer register for local transfers closed before the season started, the figure may yet increase if several transactions for foreign players go through.

The pre-season spenders' league is topped by Boca Juniors (£105,000 for eight players), Huracan (£93,500 for six), River Plate (£80,000 for four), Independiente (£66,000 for five) and Atlanta (£58,000 for eight). Racing were ninth in the list with £53,000 for eight players, while Estudiantes de La Plata, the Metropolitan League champions, who went through last season unbeaten, are well down with only £22,000 for three players.

To the 111 players transferred for cash must be added another 41 who changed clubs on free transfers or free loans. While some of these 152 professionals who changed colours may not actually play in the First Division, it nevertheless means much-changed line-ups for most clubs. Coaches are complaining that as many of these negotiations went through at the last moment, they had insufficient time to prepare their changed line-ups for the start of the season.

Twenty players were bought from foreign clubs — 13 from Uruguay, four from Brazil and one each from Peru, Chile and Bolivia.

It was a close season notable for the number of transfers and players loaned out, rather than record fees. Huracan's £33,300 for Brazilian forward Araquem De Melho, bought from Danubio of Montevideo, was probably the top single price, while River Plate got Carlos Rodrigues and Miguel Lopez (both halves) from FC Oeste in a combined operation for £50,000.



Marzolini of Boca Juniors stops another international —Bernao from Independiente—in a vital league game.

FERNANDEZ VIOLA

Unlucky or overrated?

The reigns of Fernandez Viola and Renato Cesarini as coaches of Independiente and Huracan respectively must surely go on record as the shortest ever in any championship — just one game which both their clubs lost against weak opposition.

Fernandez Viola was unlucky to take over the hottest seat in local soccer — that of successful coach, Brandau from Brazil, who left because of "home sickness" the day after he took Independiente to the national title last season. Players, some still in dispute over their contracts, and ever-meddling directors, were not going to readily accept tactical and team changes unless they brought immediate success.

It was not to be. Viola took over before the start of the South American Club Championship campaign and in the first game lost 4-2 to Estudiantes, he made tactical errors noted by even the most amateur fan. From that moment he lacked collaboration from players, officials, fans and even the Press.

It was reported that Viola received £4,000 indemnity from the club, but originally he signed a contract at a monthly salary of £895 with a special clause that the club would have to pay him out for the whole period, whatever happened. He said he would insist on that clause and that works out at £9,000. He got a similar pay-off from River Plate not so long ago, after a lawsuit.

For that money Independiente could have brought another defender. Their defence is weak and transfer dealings have done little to strengthen it while wing-half Ferreiro was given a free transfer and eagerly snapped up by River Plate.

ARGENTINA OUT

Olympic Games ignored

Argentina will not compete in the Olympic soccer tournament at Mexico. They did not send a team to the qualifying competition in Colombia. First it was a question of cash, of which there never seems to be any to spare for amateur sport in this country. Then it was found that many clubs would not spare their selected players and, in any case, many of them had signed their first professional contracts with their clubs since being picked.

ERIC WEIL is a respected and informed soccer journalist based in The Argentine. He will be reporting for WORLD SOCCER each month with news and pictures of the Argentina Soccer Scene. And—commencing next month—WORLD SOCCER presents a three-part study of football in South America. To avoid disappointment, order your copy of WORLD SOCCER now!

PLAYER PORTRAIT

MANUEL SANCHIS

by Jim Hawthorne

An Orange Grower

IT was at the beginning of a recent Real Madrid League encounter with Real Zaragoza. The ball was pushed forward to the Zaragoza outside-right. The Madrid full-back closed up on his opponent, who had his back to him and was shielding the ball. The full-back made no move to tackle, however, but just shadowed his man, watching the ball carefully.

The winger suddenly "dummied" to go inside and turned outside, very close to the line, but the full-back had "read" the move and slid the ball into touch.

A quick throw found the same winger, who didn't control it "dead" and in a flash, with tremendous acceleration, the full-back had taken the ball and, although held back by his opponent, nimbly side-stepped another challenger and put a perfect curling pass inside the Zaragoza full-back for his own man to run on to.

The full-back's name was Manuel Sanchis and I had just witnessed a good example of why he is considered among Europe's best.

Born on March 26, 1938, in Alberique, Valencia, Manuel Sanchis Martinez, to give him his full name, entered Spanish league football in 1957. A short time after joining CF Barcelona, his first club as a professional, he was loaned to Condal of Barcelona, then in the Spanish Second Division.

As a youngster with CFB he had played only in a few friendly matches but with Condal he became a regular member of the first team, playing then as an attacking right-half.

He remained on loan to Condal for four years, at the end of which time the First Division team, Valladolid, began to take an interest in him. He was still, of course, officially on Barcelona's books and so, keen on a move to Division I, he asked them if he could have a free transfer. Surprisingly CFB agreed, a decision they must now bitterly regret, and in 1961 Sanchis joined Valladolid.

Helped by the then coach of Valladolid, Heriberto Herrera, who, Sanchis admits, had a great effect on his career, his play progressed in leaps and bounds. He was still playing an attacking half-back role, where his great speed and stamina were used to good effect.

After three years with Valladolid, his performances brought him his first Spanish "cap" and attracted Real Madrid, the most famous club of Spain and Europe. Having just been beaten 3-1 in the final of the European Cup by Inter Milan, they were on the look-out for players to strengthen their ageing team.

The Spanish champions, who had, in fact, been interested in this talented player about a year or so before, were now intent on signing him and in 1964 Sanchis joined the Madrilenos.

Within two months of making his league début against Valencia at San Bernabeu he had become a regular member of the senior team and played an important part in Real's 1964/65 league championship win.

By this stage, however, an important change had taken place. When Sanchis first arrived at Chamartin he was still an attacking half-back but Miguel Munoz, the Real Madrid coach, thought that his qualities as a player, particularly his speed and tenacity, might best be used at full-back. Consequently Munoz moved him to left-back, where he linked up with the experienced Pachin to form a strong and powerful full-back partnership. This move proved very successful and he has played full-back ever since, now considering it his one and only position.

More honours followed. He was a member of the Real Madrid team which, in 1966, won the Spanish Cup and the European Cup. In the final of the latter, against Partizan Belgrade, Sanchis was the only Madrid defender not to show signs of weakness under pressure in what was, for them, a rather indifferent first half. Later in the same year he played in both legs of the World Championship for Clubs against the South American champions Penarol, both of which were won 2-0 by the Uruguayans.

Although obviously very disappointed at being knocked out in the quarter-finals of last season's European Cup by Inter, Sanchis gained more than adequate compensation when Real went on to become champions of Spain for the twelfth time in their history and he collected his second league champions' medal with them. He has now made well over 150 appearances in the famous all-white strip and looks forward to many more.

Equaliser

A regular choice for Spain, he has played 12 times for his country, including all three Group 2 matches in the 1966 World Cup finals in England, against Argentina, West Germany and Switzerland, where his equalising goal paved the way for Spain's only win of the series. Indeed, Sanchis was one of the few successes of a most disappointing Spanish squad and one of only four players to keep his place in all three group matches.

A tenacious, fit and very fast player, strong in the tackle and quick in recovery, Sanchis uses his natural speed and acceleration to match that of the winger he is marking. Therefore, he prefers to oppose a man who is fast and direct rather than a tricky ball-player.

He names Ufarte, of Real's great rivals Atletico Madrid, as the winger in the Spanish league that he finds particularly difficult to mark. Outside Spain, he cites Benfica's Jose Augusto, Jair, formerly of Inter, now of Roma, and Argentina's Oscar Mas as the men who have given him the most trouble. Although a little on the short side he is very good in the air, where he uses perfect timing to get up to the ball.

Although admitting to being a nervous person by nature, Sanchis always gives the appearance of being completely calm and relaxed on the field. His placid temperament is one of his big assets. Nothing seems to upset him and it is pleasing to record, in these days when rough play receives so much publicity, that in his 11 years as a professional, Manuel Sanchis has never been sent off.

Despite the fact that he usually plays with his socks rolled down — mainly, he says, because with them pulled up his legs feel hot and uncomfortable — he does not often get injured and has, in fact, had no serious injury in his career.

Together with the rest of the Real Madrid team, Sanchis trains very hard four times a week under the direction of coach Miguel Munoz. Because strength, as well as skill, is becoming more and more essential in the Spanish league, there is quite a lot of emphasis on actual physical fitness in the Madrilenos training.

A married man, quiet and unassuming, he lives in Madrid with his wife and three children, one boy and two girls. Away from football he likes to relax by playing tennis and devoting time to his hobby of keeping canaries.

He has business interests in a restaurant and, because he is from Valencia, in orange growing, which he will develop when he retires from football.

When I asked him if there were any ambitions in his career that remain unfulfilled, his reply was: "Although I have had a long and good career in football and I am very glad because of it, like any professional I always want to play better."

This, I feel, sums up perfectly the modest attitude that Manuel Sanchis has to his football. An attitude that does himself and the game much credit.

THE JOKER

● *Continued from page 31*

Well, you could see Bobby enjoyed it, being king of the castle, and he was playing well, too; he kept the whole line moving. From my point of view, as a centre-half, the best thing about him was you always knew where to find him; if you had the ball, Bobby would be there, in an open space.

That November was England and Wales at Wembley. I got picked for Wales again, and when the England team come out, Bobby was reserve. We all congratulated him, like, but all he said was, "No, it must be a mistake, they're always making mistakes, that lot; they probably sent the bloke to watch somebody else and he was colour blind. When I turn up there at Roehampton they'll say, 'Who are you, then, You ain't Dell.' "

Mind you, there was a bit of truth in that, because I'd always heard a lot of stories from boys that had played in the England team, especially about this old vice-chairman, Wilkins; he was meant to have gone up to our left-back once before an international and said, "Hullo, Stan," he'd mistaken him for Stanley Matthews; well, I would have thought that wanted a bit of doing.

The boss come in and he said, "You behave yourself, Bobby, and you'll be in for the next one; you'll see."

Anyway, the day come round, Bobby was down there sitting on the bench, I was out there playing, and England won in the end by a couple of goals; we were a bit unlucky. Afterwards Bobby come across into the Welsh dressing-room to have a chat with me, and when I was changed we went out of the door together just as this Mr. Wilkins come out of the England door.

"Well played," he said, "well played, I thought you put up a very good fight," and Bobby said, "Thank you very much, sir." I looked at him and I saw he had this expression on of his, the one he always had when he was up to something, and I dug my elbow in his ribs, because I could see what was going to happen.

So the old man looked at him, but he didn't seem to see nothing wrong, and he said, "Let's see, you were the right-back, weren't you?" and Bobby said, "No, sir, I was the outside-right, and if you ask me, that's a right ropey defence you got out there, this afternoon, you ought to do something about it."

Well, that took the old boy a bit by surprise; he said, "Do you think so? Do you really think so?" and Bobby said, "Yes, and I'll tell you something else; it's the most diabolical team I've ever played against in an international, they'd come over the ball as soon as look at you."

"Really?" he says, "really? Well, must think about that, must see if we can *do* something about that," and he turned round and went back into the dressing-room.

I said to Bobby, "What did you do that for? He's bound to find you out, he's bound to see you at the banquet, you'll never get near the England team again."

But all he did was just stand there, chewing gum and say, "What did I tell you, eh? Couldn't recognise his own grandmother."

BRIAN GLANVILLE

● *Continued from page 9*

the World Cup, they did no more than shelter behind the Iron Curtain and play one or two of hte weaker teams of that milieu. Yet when they arrived in England, they learned with astonishing speed from their defeat by the Russians, and within a matter of weeks had become a force quite capable of challenging the best European opposition. Since then, weirdly enough, they have gone back into splendid isolation, so that what they will do in the coming World Cup 1970 qualifying competition (win it, presumably) and possibly in the actual tournament itself is a matter for hazard.

I myself find the whole phenomenon of the North Korean success fascinating in its implications. Curiously, nobody really investigated it while they were in England, possibly, I think, because the North Koreans themselves put up barriers to investigation and discussion. Yet in a sense, they have succeeded in producing a team from a test tube. Their methods have marvellously succeeded, while those of the South Koreans, racially the same, different only politically, have so far failed.

It is the North Koreans, more than anybody, who have proved that good footballers can come from *anywhere*. But just how and why remains a compelling mystery.

CLASSIFIED RESULTS

JANUARY 12

Israel (0) **0**
Belgium (2) **2** (Devrindt 2)

Israel: Visole (Levin); Tschmuka, Karako, Rosenthal, Bello; Englander, Stelmach (Khasum), Spiegel; Sharabani (Asis), Borda, Young.

Belgium: Boone; Heylens, Peters, Plaskie, Thissen; Van Moer, Dewalque; Thio, Devrindt, Claessen, Puis.

FEBRUARY 14

Israel (0) **2** (Spiegler) 8,000
Switzerland (0) **1** (Kunzli)

Israel: Levin; Rosen, Bello; Schwager, Tchernocha, Caraca; Talby (Spiegel), Spiegler, Borba, Asis, Young.

Switzerland: Kunz (Barlie); Pfirter, Perroud; Marti, Michaud, Citherlet; Amez-Droz (Zappella), Odermatt, Kunzli, Durr, Quentin.

FEBRUARY 17

Cyprus (1) **2** (Melis, Bamboulis) 10,000
Switzerland (1) **1** (Odermatt)

Cyprus: Pilathos (Alkiviadis); Kattos, Cypolitas; Krystallis, Jakovev, Kostas; Bamboulis, Malis, Panikos, Pakos, Drossos.

Switzerland: Kunz; Pfirter, Bionda; Marti, Michaud, Fuhrer; Kunzli, Odermatt, Blattler, Durr, Quentin.

FEBRUARY 24

Scotland (1) **1** (Hughes) 134,000
England (1) **1** (Peters)

Scotland: Simpson; Gemmell, McCreadie; Grieg, McKinnon, McNeill; Cooke, Bremner, Hughes, Johnston, Lennox.

England: Banks; Newton, Wilson; Mullery, Labone, Moore; Ball, Charlton, Summerbee, Hurst, Peters.

FEBRUARY 28

Wales (0) **2** (Rees, Davies W.)
Northern Ireland (0) **0** 17,500

Wales: Millington; Rodrigues, Green; Hennessey, England, Hole; Rees, Davies (W.), Davies (R.), Durban, Williams.

N. Ireland: Jennings; Craig, Elder; McKeag, Harvey, Todd; Irvine, Stewart, Dougan, Nicholson, Harkin.

MARCH 6

Belgium (0) **1** (Devrindt) 10,000
West Germany (3) **3** (O.g., Volkert, Laumen)

Belgium: Boone; Heylens, Cornelis; Van Moer, Stassart (Hanon), Plaskie; Thio, Devrindt, Van Himst, Dewalque, Puis.

West Germany: Maier; Vogts, Hottges; Beckenbauer, Shulz, Fichtel; Koppel, Laumen, Lohr, Netzer, Volkert (Maas).

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END OF AN ERA AT REAL MADRID

President Santiago Bernabeu resigns as the mentor of this famous club

by KEIR RADNEDGE

LAST September, in the Madrid Chamber of Commerce assembly hall, Real Madrid Club de Futbol held its annual general meeting. On a raised dais, behind a long table draped with two banners bearing the emblem of the club, sat its directors.

At their centre was Don Santiago Bernabeu de Yeste — the club's much-respected President. Behind him, on a pedestal, was a Spanish Championship trophy. Hanging threateningly above that was a portrait of General Franco!

At Bernabeu's right hand sat, very appropriately, Don Raimundo Saporta, most famous of the club's other directors, and vice-president. Next to him sat treasurer Antonio Calderon. Every other director was of course present — De Carlos, Bermudez, Mendez Cuesta, Urzaiz, and Perez Manso, to name them all.

Reports were received on all aspects of the club's activities and management during the past year. Finally, Bernabeu himself rose, to thank all the members for their support for him and his directors.

And that was when he landed his bombshell.

"I have been re-elected President for what will be my 25th year," said Bernabeu. "But as I cannot live constantly in Madrid, next year it will be necessary for you all to elect a new president to succeed me.

"Someone else must be elected, though I shall of course be always ready to help if needed. However, next year I shall not be living in Madrid, and the club cannot be directed by telephone! I repeat, you will have to elect a new president!"

At this stage in the proceedings Bernabeu had to break off because of the protests from the "floor" at his announcement.

When comparative calm had been restored he quietly thanked all the members for the support they had always given him, and declared the meeting closed.

And since that date there have been no indications that Bernabeu will retract. The most famous club president in Europe could really be in his last year in office. Only one thing could prevent him leaving: at the next general meeting it might be found that everyone else had refused to be nominated as his successor. Then Bernabeu would be forced to stay on.

But Bernabeu wouldn't want that to happen, I think. And his retirement will close the final chapter of a great era in the history of club soccer not just in Spain, or Europe, but in the whole world.

ELECTED

It was back in 1943 that he was elected for the first time. Real had just finished tenth out of a fourteen-club first division. The team had lost to Atletico Bilbao in the Spanish Cup Final, after extra time had been played.

The failure of years was too much for many of the impatient members. The president at the time was Don Pedro Parages, a founder of the club. But he even announced his retirement a couple of weeks prior to the AGM. He really was forcing the election of a new president.

His decision provoked plenty of discussion amongst the members. They had agreed that Parages's time was up, but they were also aware that everyone else who had wanted the chance to govern the club had had his opportunity — except one man. This was Bernabeu.

Born on June 8, 1895, in Almansa, Southern Spain, he had come to Madrid in 1912. His intention was to study law, with a view to setting up in private practice. It was then that he became interested in soccer, and joined the Madrid FC club.

He played centre-forward until 1926, and showed himself no mean footballer. By now he was working as a clerk in the Ministry of Finance, his father having refused to see him set up as a lawyer.

Bernabeu was thus able to remain in the capital and continue his career as an amateur footballer. In that year of 1926, when Bernabeu was elected to the managing board of the club, and finally ceased playing, his father died. Bernabeu went home, settled family affairs, and then returned to the capital to become even more deeply concerned with the fate of the club that now proudly bore the title: *Real* Madrid.

On the managing board Bernabeu's training proved invaluable. He was a gifted organiser, and set about new tasks with relish. His reward was the appointment to lead the club on its adventurous 1927 tour of South America.

Bernabeu was in his element. He chose the necessary "guest" players carefully, and successfully! The club played fifteen matches, lost only three and drew two, and won all the rest. Bernabeu returned to Madrid in triumph.

Came a further step up the ladder — he was appointed general secretary to the club (an honorary post, of course). He was one of the prime instigators behind the decision in 1928 of the Spanish FA to open the doors to full-time professionalism.

With this spur Madrid won a couple of Championships, and also the Cup before the outbreak of the Civil War in 1936. However, the previous year Bernabeu had been narrowly voted *off* the managing committee. He remained an influential member, nevertheless.

With the war getting under way Bernabeu went into self-imposed exile in France. He became very fond of that country during the three years he spent there. But when the Civil War was over, he knew it was his duty to return again to Spain. Back in Madrid he again became bound up with the topsy-turvy fortunes of the Real club.

The club was in dire need of his inflexible optimism, and ability to work hard. Very soon he was back on the "caretaker" managing board. Then in September 1943 he was elected President. He took stock of the situation of "his" club. He studied its facilities closely, and also its players.

On the morning of September 15, team coach Ramon Encimas called the players together in the ramshackle little changing rooms beneath the main stand of the 20,000-capacity Chamartin stadium. Bernabeu introduced himself to the players formally. Then he delivered a short speech of encouragement. Every year since then, at the start of the season, the process has been faithfully repeated. The sacraments have been faithfully re-administered.

Bernabeu likes to be interested in the players personally — though it was this closeness, largely, which led in 1964 to the break with Di Stefano. But his care for the players' welfare is significant--it is because he has risen from those same ranks himself.

Not for nothing is Santiago Bernabeu de Yeste renowned as the "father of Real Madrid".

The club he took over had 3,000 members — now the membership list is closed! The club had an old ground with poor facilities, and room for just a few other sports. Now, as a result of Bernabeu's vision the club possesses a remarkable 125,000-capacity stadium, and an almost unique sports city on the outskirts of Madrid.

Plans for both projects met at first with vigorous opposition, but Bernabeu has lived to see them perhaps more successful than even he might have hoped.

Whatever sport you talk about in Spain, the name Real Madrid means Success. And Success because of the drive and energy of one man. He saw little Real Madrid become the mightiest sports name in Europe. What more could anyone desire?

Now he feels there is nothing left to achieve. His announcement of impending retirement didn't surprise me. And this could be part of one almighty shake-up inside the club. The first question to be asked is: Who is likely to be next president? (I am still not prepared to completely rule out the possibility that Bernabeu will stay on after this year's annual meeting.)

The obvious favourite for the awe-ful succession is the man who first came into contact with the club in 1952 — at its fiftieth anniversary celebrations. The man who was entrusted with organising a basketball tournament in Real's honour. The man named Raimundo Saporta.

That particular tournament was a big success. Saporta made a big impression. Almost as soon as celebrations were over Bernabeu asked Saporta if he would take over as treasurer at Real Madrid. Saporta pointed out that though he was a basketball expert, soccer wasn't quite his line!

That's all right, replied Bernabeu, I want you as an administrator, not a player!

One of Real Madrid's most respected players is Francisco Gento, also the club's longest serving member. His association with Santiago Bernabeu is apparently soon to end. (O.2.)

Saporta joined Madrid. Almost at once he found himself liaison officer between players and management, management and members, and Madrid and the other clubs Real came into contact with. He fitted the role perfectly.

Yet Saporta was not 26 years old until December 16, that eventful year of 1952!

He had been born in Paris — his mother was French, but his father Spanish, from Galicia. Saporta played basketball as a young man, and soon became well known in the French basketball world. At the age of only 21 he moved to Spain, and became treasurer of the Spanish Basketball Association.

Now he enjoys the confidence of every Madrid member and player. He is now officially vice-president, and the treasurer is Calderon. Saporta it was who instigated the scheme whereby the players sign blank contracts with the club, and trust Real's judgment as to signing-on fees and wages.

SUPPORT

Saporta is also the players' friend and adviser in matters outside the club. He travels all over the world to support Real. Be it Belgrade with the basketball team, Buenos Aires with the soccer team, or even Wimbledon, when Santana plays there.

Saporta's importance in the Real set-up is impossible to calculate. But ... though he is Bernabeu's heir apparent, he has been reported as having said: "Once Bernabeu goes, then I go, too!"

A vague threat, a false promise, a misquote? Your guess is as good as mine. Saporta is the only one who knows the answer, but he won't be letting any clues slip until the moment when the new president is being elected — you can be sure of that!

I have mentioned the possibility of an almighty shake-up at Real. This has been prompted by the under-current of rumours which whisper (as they have done for several years in vain) that Miguel Munoz could well be in his last season with the club as coach.

After the end of June the national team will be looking for a new man at the helm. Munoz is co-favourite for the job. This could very likely lead to him giving up his post at Real, or at the least being upgraded to say, technical director, but where he would have no say in team selection and tactics.

Real wouldn't have to look far for a successor. Helenio Herrera perhaps? But more likely to succeed Munoz would be one of two ex-Real players. The first is Luis Molowny, now in charge of Las Palmas, the revelations of the season. The second "possible" is Jose Hector Rial, at present with Pontevedra, experienced though young, and a much-travelled man in this football world.

Nothing can be taken for granted. The shake-up at Real threatened by Bernabeu's decision to retire could go much deeper than first appeared. It is difficult to imagine that next season Real could be without Bernabeu, Saporta, and Munoz. But who knows?

Will next season present us with this: "the world's most famous club — *now under new management*"?

COCKS RETURNS TO SLIEMA

MALTESE NEWS by Arthur J. Leaver

THE strange nature of the dealings behind American football were brought very much to light even here in Malta when Ronnie Cocks, the Sliema Wanderers player who had transferred from Pittsburg Phantoms to San Diego Toros and who flew to California recently to join his new club, suddenly returned to Malta with his family.

Evidently the San Diego club altered their previous contractual arrangements placing Cocks in an impossible position whereby he had either to forgo high wages or else jeopardise the transfer arrangements with his Malta club Sliema Wanderers. Cocks refused to accept the altered situation and came back to Malta with his young wife and baby.

San Diego's loss was Sliema's gain, and the Wanderers who this year have had not too particular a successful season, celebrated his return by including him in an important league match on which the balance of the runner-up position depended. Cocks evidently was happy to return to Malta and bagged two goals of a total of seven which Sliema scored against Hamrun, without reply. By virtue of this win Sliema have now strengthened their claim for the runner-up position and will, provided they retain this position, most certainly play against Portsmouth when the English promotion-seeking club comes to Malta in May to play a series of matches.

The officials for the Cyprus-Scotland World Cup qualifying match in 1970 will be Maltese. This further honour which is being bestowed on Maltese referees is as a result of a recommendation put forward by Ken Aston during the FIFA Organising Committee meeting held in Montevideo, South America.

Maltese referees have so far controlled matches in European Cup Competitions as well as international matches in Libya.

Concurrently with this new duty for Maltese referees is the news that Egyptian football authorities are interested in having Maltese referees to control their matches there. This has been disclosed to Paul Bonnett, the Malta international referee, who has just returned to Malta after officiating in the Libyan Championship match in which Ittihad of Tripoli played Ahli of Fezzan.

GORNIK beaten by the WINTER

says ***ERIC BATTY***

PEOPLE, it has been said, get the kind of football they deserve and if it is reasonable to accept this statement then it follows that we also get the kind of football reporting we deserve. Clearly the majority are well satisfied with the kind of match reports and football news that are purveyed daily by the national press.

If this were not so, then many people would either switch to another paper or not buy one at all and as sales of the most popular newspapers remain fairly constant it can be assumed that most people are satisfied with their newspapers. Those like myself who would like to know a little more about a game than just the final score and the goalgetters will probably never be satisfied by the national dailies, but in fact I should not complain. "Playing" as I do a long way behind the nationals, I find myself (like the *libero*) sweeping up behind them. Filling the gaps they leave, compensating for the mistakes they make and free to comment on the multitude of points that are overlooked, I should find life far more difficult if the nationals were doing a real job.

As it is, I should be thankful, for if newspaper reports do not tell me the things I want to know about matches I could not see myself, it does leave me free to comment on events a long time after they took place. So it is with the recent tussle between Manchester United and Gornik Zabrze in the quarter-finals of the European Cup.

The first point, which should already be abundantly clear, is that Gornik are much improved since they received an 8-1 hammering from Tottenham and the reason for this improvement is without doubt due to the presence of their Hungarian coach Dr. Geza Kalocsai. Though the more optimistic football commentators hoped for a similar scoreline after the Old Trafford match, the more sober writers were deterred by the Poles' performance in the previous round when Gornik eliminated Dynamo Kiev.

Though the pre-match mood was hopeful rather than confident, no one stressed the fact that Dr. Kalocsai is one of the world's outstanding coaches. Neither did they emphasise that in a few months he had transformed the Gornik squad. From being a talented and perhaps typically Central European team, Gornik were now streamlined, methodical and modern in their outlook. Gornik in fact represented a real threat to all the giants in the European Cup and though Manchester United beat them this was due almost entirely to the fact that the Poles were lacking in recent match practice.

Bobby Charlton celebrates Manchester United's second goal at Old Trafford while two Gornik defenders are clearly full of despair. (A.)

At the end of January when Dr. Kalocsai had been in Manchester to see United beat Sheffield Wednesday 4-2, he had intimated that "condition" would be the critical factor. "Against Kiev," he told me, "all the players were at their peak, but at this time of year it is difficult."

Before the United–Wednesday game, Dr. Kalocsai had been apprehensive, assuming no doubt that Manchester United's reputation was well deserved. After the game his mood had changed to one of quiet optimism. "A good team," he told me, "because they have good players. Best will be a problem but I think we can do something."

Later his optimistic outlook waned momentarily after I had reviewed for him the players on the United staff who had not taken part in the game against Sheffield. Possible changes up front didn't bother him and neither did the thought of a reserve goalkeeper for Stepney. What made him pause momentarily were the words . . . "Foulkes and Fitzpatrick" who I told him might be preferred to Sadler and Stiles in the centre of the United defence. "What are they like?" he asked me. "Are they quick?" he demanded and revealed his anxiety by grabbing my arm. Assured that Foulkes and Fitzpatrick were not more than fractionally faster than either Sadler or Stiles he relaxed once more.

Clearly he would have been more than a little disturbed had he seen or been told about a defender who might match Lubanski for speed. "He's like an aeroplane," he told me, "very quick," and anticipating my question, he added . . . "and he doesn't chicken."

Man-sized

Back in Poland Dr. Kalocsai had a man-sized job on his hands, for at the time of his visit to Manchester there was more than two feet of snow all over the country. Since playing their last league game in November, Gornik had not played a competitive match for two months and this period would be stretched to more than three months before the Old Trafford encounter.

For two weeks the Gornik squad worked out in a gymnasium before transferring to Southern Russia for 14 days. There they had plenty of company for the Caucasus are popular training grounds for all the Russian teams. Unfortunately for Gornik, none of their companions had a competitive date within three weeks of their trip to Manchester and the result was that everyone they met were behind Gornik in their preparations. Several of the teams they met in training games had been back in action only a few days and while Gornik pushed the opposition they were never under pressure themselves.

The quarter-final stage has always been an extraordinarily difficult hurdle for East European teams coming as it does in the period February to March. Denmark, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland,

Austria and Yugoslavia and everyone else to the North or East packs up completely between December and February inclusive.

It is significant that only Partizan (Belgrade) has ever reached the European Cup Final from an Eastern country and when they succeeded in doing so two years ago they were fortunate enough to be drawn against another Eastern team (Sparta, Prague) at the vital quarter-final stage. It has been said that Matt Busby would have preferred to meet Gornik at a later stage and there is no doubt in my mind that Dr. Kalocsai would have been equally pleased had they met in the semi-finals. Instead of pairing Real Madrid with Sparta and Manchester with Gornik, everyone would have been happier with a quarter-final draw which brought Real and Manchester together and left Gornik to face Sparta. As it was, however, Gornik had to meet United without having played even one competitive game for three months and as will be seen later, this was to be decisive.

Though it seems clear that most people are still convinced that playing at home is a big advantage it is a fact that Gornik's best chance of eliminating Manchester United fell to them at Old Trafford. This, as I have already explained in earlier articles, stems from the fact that United can be expected to launch all-out attacks in Manchester but would obviously play defensively in the second leg at Chorzow. An attacking team obviously exposes its own goal to a quickly mounted counter-attack while a team content to defend will not willingly expose their goal for a moment.

The new aim—to win away from home—has already been spotlighted this season when Dynamo Kiev beat Celtic in Glasgow (and drew at home) while Gornik in their turn won 2-1 in Russia and drew in Chorzow.

This does not mean that the away team must seek to dominate the ball and the game in midfield but rather that they should break out with speed and purpose when they do gain possession. From deep defensive strength, the visiting team has many opportunities to break through and can do so consistently if they are prepared to commit six or seven men to the rapidly engineered counter-attack. This was in fact what Gornik planned to do at Old Trafford.

Before describing more fully the Gornik attacking policy at Old Trafford a few words about Dr. Kalocsai's plans to shackle the United attack will not be put out of place.

Overall, the Gornik tactics were 1-3-4-2 with Oslizlo playing the free-back role and Kuchta, Florenski and Latocha (in that order) playing tight man for man on Aston, Kidd and Best. Olek and Deja (the last-named being only 18 and a future "Bozsik" according to Dr. Kalocsai) covered the withdrawn United forwards Charlton and Ryan, while Szoltysik and Wilczek played "free" in front of the defence.

The two front-runners were Musialek and Lubanski, wearing 10 and 11, moving across the line rather than being an orthodox left-wing pair. With the ball on Gornik's right flank, the two front players would position on the right wing and with the ball in centre-midfield they would take up position as two centre-forwards. Always on hand to receive a quick pass from their own defence Musialek and Lubanski roamed across the line of attack always as a "pair" and when one of the two received the ball his colleague constantly positioned and re-positioned in support. Several times these two engineered promising situations by means of a quick one-two but Gornik's best football and indeed the best attack of the game came from well-rehearsed moves which involved five or six men.

Handcuffed

Gornik's attacking moves will be described in detail later but for the moment let it be placed on record that with Law unfit, Best handcuffed by Latocha, and Bobby Charlton kept very quiet, United were prevented from producing their individualistic brand of attacking football which is so popular with their fans. If United had more of the play, this was only to be expected but if they had possession for lengthy periods their attacking ideas were limited to hopeful high crosses.

Dependence on the high ball into the box had earlier cost United a place in the 1966 Final when the Partizan centre-backs Rasovic and Vasovic had dealt very capably with everything that was thumped and chipped into the Yugoslav's penalty area. In the Gornik match it was the head of Oslizlo and the clenched fists of goalkeeper Kostka who repulsed the United attacks.

Never once were United able to develop a flowing attack which penetrated deep into the Gornik area in which the ball

● Continued on page 41

DIAGRAM A.

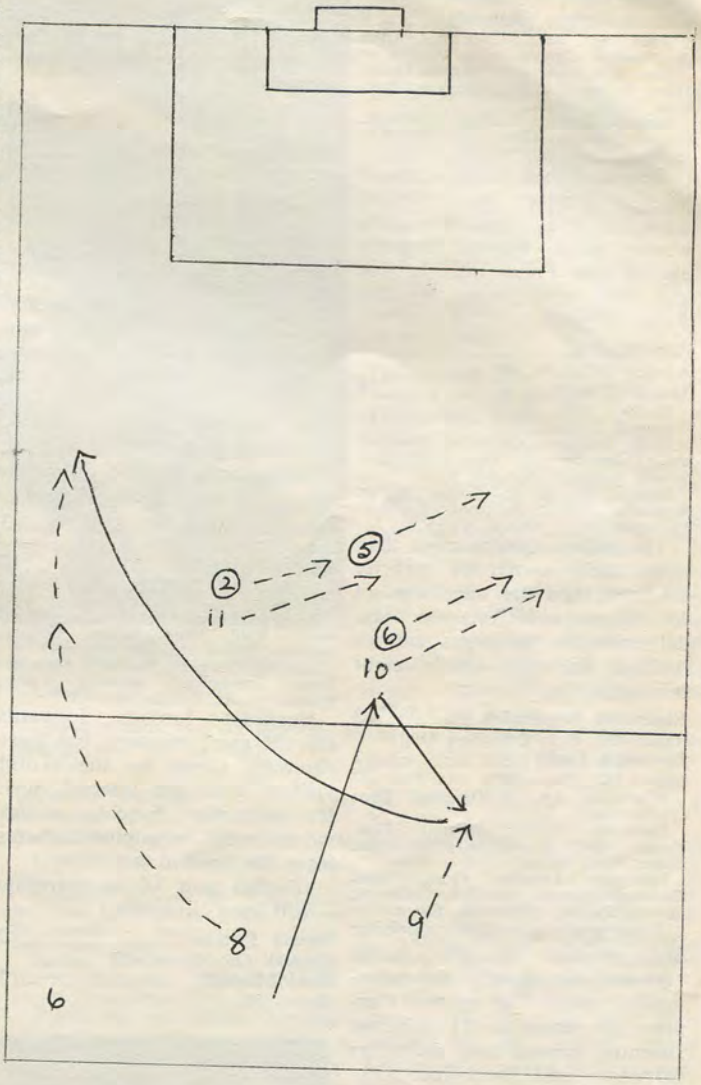
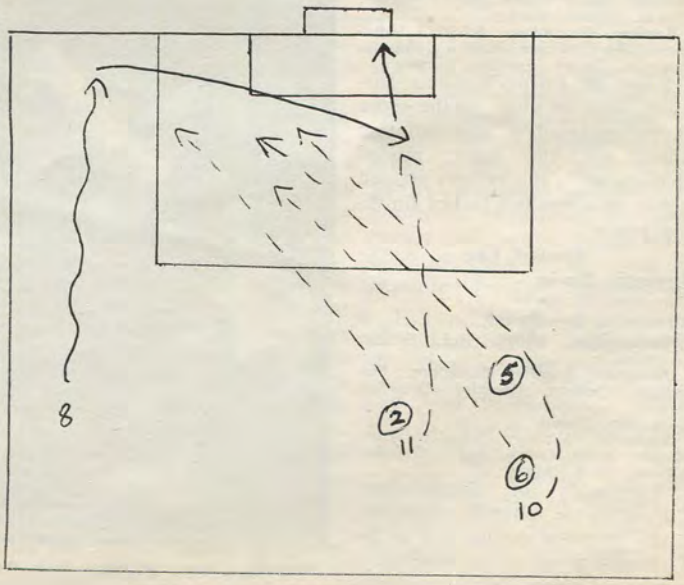


DIAGRAM B



by ARTHUR ROTMIL

CHAMPIONS' CUP

Quarter-Final—First Leg

Manchester United 2
Florenski o.g. (60), Kidd (89).
Górnik Zabrze (Poland) 0
Manchester. Att. 63,500. Ref. Ortiz de Mendibil (Spain).
Man. Utd.: Stepney; Dunne, Sadler, Stiles, Burns; Crerand, Charlton; Best, Kidd, Ryan, Aston.
Górnik: Kostka; Kuchta, Florenski, Oslizlo, Latocha; Olek, Deja; Wilczek, Szoltysik, Lubanski, Musialek.

Keeper Hubert Kostka gave a heroic display as United pounded away but the long winter break weighed heavily against the Poles who in the end were only beaten by the softest of goals.

Real Madrid 3
Amancio 3 (60, 61, 68).
Sparta Prague 0
Madrid. Att. 70,000. Ref. Finney (England).
Real: Betancort; Gonzales, Zunzunegui, Zoco, Sanchis; Pirri, Velazquez; Serena, Amancio, Grosso, Gento.
Sparta: Kramerius; Kollar, Tichy, Semendak, Dyba; Jurkanin, Kvasnak; Pospichal, Mraz, Masek, Vrana.

The gallant Czechs more than held their own for exactly an hour, then the stage was set for 28-year-old Amancio who delivered the knockout with a brilliant hat-trick inside eight minutes.

Eintracht Brunswick 3
Kaack (28), Dulz (38), Berg (39).
Juventus Turin 2
Favalli (12), Sacco (82).
Brunswick. Att. 36,000. Ref. Droz (Switzerland).
Eintracht: Wolter; Schmidt, Bäse, Kaack, Moll; Grzyb, Berg; Gerwien, Ulsass, Dulz, Maas.
Juventus: Anzolin; Gori, Sarti, Castano, Leoncini; Del Sol, Coramini; Favalli, Zigoni, Cinesinho, Sacco.

Five goals was the surprising end product of this battle between notoriously defensive-minded teams but as the Germans hit three in 11 minutes, Juventus missed key defenders Salvadore and Bercellino.

Vasas Budapest 0
Benfica Lisbon 0
Budapest. Att. 50,000. Ref. Tschentscher (West Germany).
Vasas: Varga; Bakos, Mathesz, Meszöly, Ihasz; Vidats, Fister; Molnar, Puskas, Farkas, Korsos.
Benfica: Henriques; Adolfo, Humberto, Raul, Cruz; Jacinto, Coluna; Augusto, Torres, Eusebio, Simoes.

Some of Europe's finest forwards were on view, yet the score sheet remained a disappointing blank for the hosts missed chances while the visitors created better openings but lacked finishing power.

Second Leg

Juventus Turin 1
Bercellino (89 pen.).
Eintracht Brunswick 0
Turin. Att. 40,000. Ref. Schiller (Austria).
Juventus: Anzolin; Salvadore, Bercellino, Castano, Leoncini; Del Sol, Sacco; Magnusson, De Paoli, Cinesinho, Zigoni.
Eintracht: Wolter; Schmidt, Bäse, Kaack, Moll; Grzyb, Berg; Gerwien, Ulsass, Dulz, Maas.

Thousands of disenchanted "*tifosi*" were already streaming away from the ground but as the Germans prepared to celebrate a semi-final place, Del Sol was upended and Bercellino crashed home a last-minute penalty.

(Aggregate scores 3-3—play-off necessary.)

Górnik Zabrze 1
Lubanski (71).
Manchester United 0
Chorzów. Att. 105,000. Ref. Lo Bello (Italy).
Górnik: Kostka; Kuchta, Florenski, Oslizlo, Latocha; Olek, Deja; Wilczek, Musialek, Lubanski, Lentner.
Man. Utd.: Stepney; Dunne, Sadler, Stiles, Burns; Crerand, Charlton; Fitzpatrick, Kidd, Best, Herd.

Arctic conditions made normal football quite impossible and though the Polish champions attacked ferociously for most of the game, they were limited to a single goal by United's efficiently organised defence.

(Manchester won 2-1 on aggregate—will meet Real Madrid.)

Benfica Lisbon 3
Eusebio 2 (50, 65), Torres (74).
Vasas Budapest 0
Lisbon. Att. 65,000. Ref. Van Ravens (Holland).
Benfica: Henriques; Adolfo, Humberto, Raul, Cruz; Graça, Coluna; Augusto, Torres, Eusebio, Simoes.
Vasas: Varga; Bakos, Meszöly, Ihasz, Somogyvari; Mathesz, Fister; Radics, Vitats, Farkas, Korsos.

Benfica's famous forwards exerted great pressure, but were shrewdly tamed by the skilful visitors until the interval, then the dynamic Eusebio struck twice, amid triumphant chants from the massive crowd.

(Benfica won 3-0 on aggregate—will meet Juventus.)

Sparta Prague 2
Kvasnak (38), Vrana (45).
Real Madrid 1
Gento (58).
Prague. Att. 41,000. Ref. Rademacher (West Germany).
Sparta: Kouba; Kollar, Tichy, Chovanec, Semendak; Dyba, Kvasnak; Jurkanin, Mraz, Masek, Vrana.
Real: Betancort; Gonzales, Zunzunegui, Zoco, Sanchis; Pirri, Velazquez De Diego, Amancio, Grosso, Gento.

Czech hopes were high at the interval but Real weathered the storm and even without Amancio, sent off halfway through the game, they retaliated bravely with a superb goal by their captain Gento.

(Real won 4-2 on aggregate—will meet Manchester Utd.)

Play-off

Juventus Turin 1
Magnusson (56).
Eintracht Brunswick 0
Berne. Att. 45,000. Ref. Dienst (Switzerland).
Juventus: Anzolin; Salvadore, Bercellino, Castano, Leoncini; Del Sol, Sacco; Magnusson, Zigoni, Cinesinho, Menichelli.
Eintracht: Wolter; Grzyb, Kaack, Bäse, Moll; Schmidt, Dulz; Gerwien, Elfert, Saborowski, Maas.

Fine football flowed from both sides but this Italo-German encounter was decided by a "neutral" Swede, Roger Magnusson, who beat three men in a bewildering dribble to hit a spectacular winner.

(Juventus won 4-3 on aggregate—will meet Benfica.)

CUP WINNERS' CUP

Quarter-Final—First Leg

Hamburger SV 2
Dieckmann (80), Dörfel (82).
Olympique Lyon 0
Hamburg. Att. 35,000. Ref. Zverev (Russia).
HSV: Ozcan; Sandmann, Horst, W. Schulz, Kurbjuhn; Dieckmann, Hönig; Hellfritz, Seeler, H. Schulz, Dörfel.
Lyon: Chauveau; Kuffer, Flohic, Leborgne, Lhomme; Maison, Schwinn; Bouassa, Guy, Di Nallo, Rambert.

In damp and cold conditions the French defence with an outstanding keeper resisted bravely and cleverly until ten minutes from time, then Hamburg's sustained pressure was rewarded with long overdue goals.

Standard Liege 1
Claessen (32).
AC Milan 1
Prati (20).
Liege. Att. 35,000. Ref. Zsolt (Hungary).
Standard: Nicolay; Jeck, Dewalque, Thissen, Beurlet; Pilot, Smajlovic; Semmeling, Naumovic, Claessen, Colonval.
AC Milan: Cudlicini; Anquilletti, Rosato, Baveni, Schnellinger; Scala, Trapattoni; Lodetti, Sormani, Rivera, Prati.

The Belgians stormed into action but conceded the first goal, then Milan surprisingly kept the game open despite playing with ten men for nearly an hour after Baveni was carried off with a fractured leg.

Valencia (Spain) 1
Vilar (4).
Bayern Munich 1
Mestre o.g. (76).
Valencia. Att. 60,000. Ref. Kitabdjan (France).
Valencia: Abelardo; Tatono, Mestre, Roberto, Vidagañy; Vilar, Paquito; Terol, Waldo, Ansola, Claramunt.
Bayern: Maier; Kupferschmidt, Beckenbauer, Olk, Schwarzenbeck; Roth, Nowak; Nafziger, Ohlhauser, Müller, Brenninger.

Valencia made their usual explosive start but though they bemoaned two disallowed goals and twice hit the woodwork, at the end the "furia española" was contained by Teutonic determination.

Olympique Lyon's Leborgne heads the ball away for a corner from the onrushing Dieckmann of Hamburg. Picture taken during the tense decider played between the clubs recently. (Met.)

European Statistics

Cardiff City 1
Barrie Jones (44).
Torpedo Moscow 0
Cardiff. Att. 30,500. Ref. Schaut (Belgium).
Cardiff: Wilson; Derrett, Clarke, Murray, Ferguson; Bryn Jones, Harris; Barrie Jones, King, Toshack, Bird.
Torpedo: Kavazashvili; Yanets, Nepomilnev, Shustikov, Pakhomov; Tchumakov; Shtcherbakov; Shalimov, Streltzov, Brednev, Pais.

Cardiff who represent Wales, but play in the English Second Division, did as well as could be expected, against the rugged Russians whose lack of recent competitive football was blatantly exposed.

Second Leg

Olympique Lyon 2
Di Nallo 2 (19, 92).
Hamburger SV 0
Lyon. Att. 32,000. Ref. Wharton (Scotland).
Lyon: Chauveau; Kuffer, Flohic, Leborgne, Rocco; Nouzaret, Schwinn; Pin, Guy, Di Nallo, Rambert.
HSV: Ozcan; Sandmann, Horst, W. Schulz, Kurbjuhn; Dieckmann, Krämer; Hellfritz, H. Schulz, Seeler, Hönig.

The German defenders were deservedly punished for delaying tactics by the addition of some minutes during which Lyon's captain Di Nallo nailed them sensationally with his second goal to earn another chance.

(Aggregate scores 2-2—play-off necessary.)

AC Milan 1
Rognoni (40)
Standard Liege 1
Cajou (74).
Milan. Att. 50,000. Ref. Gardeazabal (Spain).
Milan: Cudicini; Anquilletti, Malatrasi, Rosato, Schnellinger; Lodetti, Trapattoni; Rognoni, Sormani, Rivera, Prati.
Standard; Nicolay; Jeck, Dewalque, Thissen, Beurlet; Pilot, Naumovic; Semmeling, Claessen, Colonval, Cajou.

The Italian league leaders were disappointing up front, missing chances galore while Standard's clever breakaways eventually brought an unexpected equaliser, acclaimed triumphantly by a vociferous Belgian contingent.

(Aggregate scores 2-2—play-off necessary.)

Bayern Munich 1
Müller (3).
Valencia 0
Munich. Att. 30,000. Ref. Dagnall (England).
Bayern: Maier; Kupferschmidt, Beckenbauer, Olk, Schwarzenbeck; Roth, Koulmann; Jung, Ohlhauser, Müller, Brenninger.
Valencia: Abelardo; Tatono, Roberto, Mestre, Vidagañy; Cayuella, Vilar; Poli, Waldo, Paquito, Claramunt.

The bumpy and frozen pitch did not suit the Spaniards who were kept on the defensive for long spells by the all-round competent holders for whom Müller's goal proved enough to clinch the tie.

(Bayern won 2-1 on aggregate—will meet AC Milan.)

Torpedo Moscow 1
Gershkovic (32).
Cardiff City 0
Tashkent. Att. 68,000. Ref. Loew (Sweden).
Torpedo: Kavazashvili; Tchumakov, Shustikov, Pakhomov, Lenev; Yanets, Shtcherbakov; Stenistchev, Streltzov, Gershkovic, Pais.
Cardiff: Wilson; Derrett, Murray, Harris, Ferguson; Clark, Toshack; Jones, Dean, King, Bird.

With the suspended Voronin absent again, Torpedo lacked a midfield organiser and missed several easy chances, but full praise to the fiery Welshmen for their courageous resistance in this tense duel.

(Aggregate score 1-1).

A white-shirted Zurich player heads clear a Sporting attack while under pressure from two opposing forwards in their match in Lisbon. (Marques.)

Play-off

Cardiff 1
Dean (42).
Torpedo Moscow 0
Augsburg. Att. 37,000. Ref. Fritz (W. Germany).
Cardiff: Wilson; Coldrick, Ferguson; Clarke, Morgan, Harris; Jones (Barrie), Dean, King, Toshack, Bird.
Torpedo: Kavazashvili; Yanets, Nepominev, Shustikov, Pakhomov; Voronin, Lenev; Gershkovic, Shtcherbakov, Streltzov, Stenistchev.

A superb defensive display and a goal from reserve Dean gave Cardiff a shock victory over the Russian club.

Hamburger SV 2
Seeler 2 (47, 59 pen.).
Olympique Lyon 0
Hamburg. Att. 55,000. Ref. Albrecht (Holland).
HSV: Ozcan; Sandmann, Horst, W. Schulz, Kurbjuhn; H. Schulz, Krämer; Dieckmann, Hönig, Seeler, Dörfel.
Lyon: Chauveau; Kuffer, Flohic, Leborgne, Rocco; Nouzaret, Schwinn; Pin, Maison, Di Nallo, Rambert.

The French who agreed to play-off in Hamburg for £16,000, had few chances against the robust, relentless Germans and were duly dismissed by goals from man-of-the-match, the great Uwe Seeler.

(Hamburger won 4-2 on aggregate—will meet Cardiff.)

AC Milan 2
Prati (3), Rivera (47).
Standard Liege 0
Milan. Att. 45,000. Ref. Barde (France).
Milan: Cudicini; Anquilletti, Rosato, Malatrasi, Schnellinger; Lodetti, Scala; Hamrin, Sormani, Rivera, Prati.
Standard: Nicolay; Jeck, Dewalque, Thissen, Beurlet; Pilot, Smajlovic; Semmeling, Naumovic, Claessen, Cajou.

Home advantage proved decisive in a game well controlled by the Italian league leaders who scored early in each half and could even afford the luxury of Gianni Rivera missing a penalty.

(Milan won 4-2 on aggregate—will meet Bayern Munich.)

GORNIK BEATEN BY THE WINTER

● *Continued from page 39*

was played from foot to foot. Only twice—in the later stages of the game—did United contrive to get the ball at the feet of a player who could see the Gornik goal. The first of these real opportunities brought a fine save from Kostka—high up to his left, and the second was put over the bar. Fortunately for Manchester, fate intervened just when United were beginning to look both desperate and depressed and an own goal from Florenski and a lucky deflection which trickled into the net in the dying seconds gave the English champions a two-goal margin they had not earned.

After only 20 minutes the Poles produced an exhilarating move which left United leaden-footed and hopelessly outmanœuvred. Winning possession just outside their penalty area the Poles pushed the ball forward to Musialek on the halfway line and slightly left of centre. With three Manchester defenders between him and goal (one challenging him, another on Lubanski and the third lying "free") Musialek pushed the ball back (Diagram A) to the withdrawn centre-forward Szoltysik and sprinted away, moving across the pitch from left to right. Following him some 20 yards to the left was Lubanski moving in the same general direction and with the Manchester defenders shadowing their opponents as they moved right, the space on Gornik's left flank grew bigger with every step.

Szoltysik — on the ball — and Olek (off it) both recognised the opportunity and with Olek making his break just right and Szoltysik releasing a measured pass at exactly the right moment, Olek was away on the left.

The Manchester defenders now turned to meet this new threat, sprinting across the pitch to cut off Olek as he moved in towards goal from the left. Taking advantage of their new freedom (Diagram B) Musialek and Lubanski broke away towards goal and Olek's cross landed squarely at the feet of Lubanski. With no one near him and all the time in the world, Lubanski mis-hit his shot from ten yards.

Had Lubanski scored then, the result of the Manchester–Gornik tussle would surely have been very different, but success or failure for the Poles did not hinge on this one burst of brilliantly conceived football. On numerous occasions, the Poles had equally good opportunities to break out which were not exploited for two basic reasons:

1. Too few Polish players came out to reinforce their front runners.
2. They came out too slowly.

Both factors revolved around their lack of condition and recent match practice and had Gornik visited Manchester in November or April I have no doubt that we would have seen a very different game.

WORLD CUP PROSPECTS FOR WEST GERMANY

SCHOEN SIFTS STAFF

by Roy Fairbairn

HELMUT SCHOEN, West Germany's team manager, returned from his first international of the year against Belgium in Brussels in February well pleased with his lot.

George Volkert, Nuremberg's left-winger, had just solved one of his major World Cup problems with a stunning two-goal international début.

Until Brussels the West German manager had often made the point that he was well served in every department except the wings.

And being a firm believer in wingers, Schoen has been making an exhaustive search throughout the country for at least two with world class potential for the forthcoming World Cup campaign.

Volkert certainly looks like being one of them. He showed all the necessary thrust, skill and temperament plus a very useful flair for snatching goals in the comfortable 3-1 win over Belgium.

There is no doubt the 22-year-old Nuremberg star has made a very strong claim to the left-wing berth which neither Sigi Held nor Lothar Emmerich of Borussia Dortmund filled to Schoen's satisfaction in his last World Cup team.

The other could be Horst Koeppel, Stuttgart's 19-year-old right-winger, who also made his international début against Belgium. Koeppel, perhaps the fastest man in German football, still lacks the experience for the international scene.

But Schoen believes he will come good and is likely to persevere with him in the forthcoming internationals against Switzerland in Basle on April 17 and Wales in Cardiff on May 8.

More of West Germany's bright youngsters will be given their chance against the Swiss and the Welshmen. Schoen intends testing all the possible World Cup candidates before he settles on a squad.

To make way for new faces Schoen is likely to drop from his winning team in Brussels the Borussia Moenchengladbach pair, linkman Gunter Netzer and striker Herbert Laumann, who also made his first appearance in the national side against Belgium.

Both showed they can be useful World Cup deputies — but nothing more at present. Netzer, who all season has been threatening to replace Wolfgang Overath of Cologne in the national side, failed to produce his best form.

He played excellently while Franz Beckenbauer was alongside him during the first half. But after the interval, with Beckenbauer dropping back into defence, Netzer faded completely.

Schoen's squad for the World Cup qualifying matches against Scotland, Austria and Cyprus will certainly contain most of the men he had in England in 1966.

The team is certain to contain Schultz, Weber, Hoettges, Beckenbauer, Overath, and Uwe Seeler. But it will be June 16, and the first real international test of the season against former world champions Brazil, before the West German team shows the real shape of things to come.

The Swiss, Welsh and Brazilian games are part of Schoen's match-a-month build-up for the World Cup. He hopes to persuade England to come to West Germany after the European Nations' Cup Finals as part of his final preparation for the first qualifying tie against Austria in Vienna on October 13.

Thoroughness of the West Germans' preparation is amazing. They will also make full use of their Christmas–New Year break by taking their international squad to South America and warm-up matches against Argentina, Chile and, the 1970 hosts, Mexico.

The West Germans are even looking further ahead than 1970. Already they have begun to plan for the World Cup 1974 which, of course, they are staging.

Their FA has sent out letters to all its clubs laying down the conditions for the choice of stadiums for the Finals.

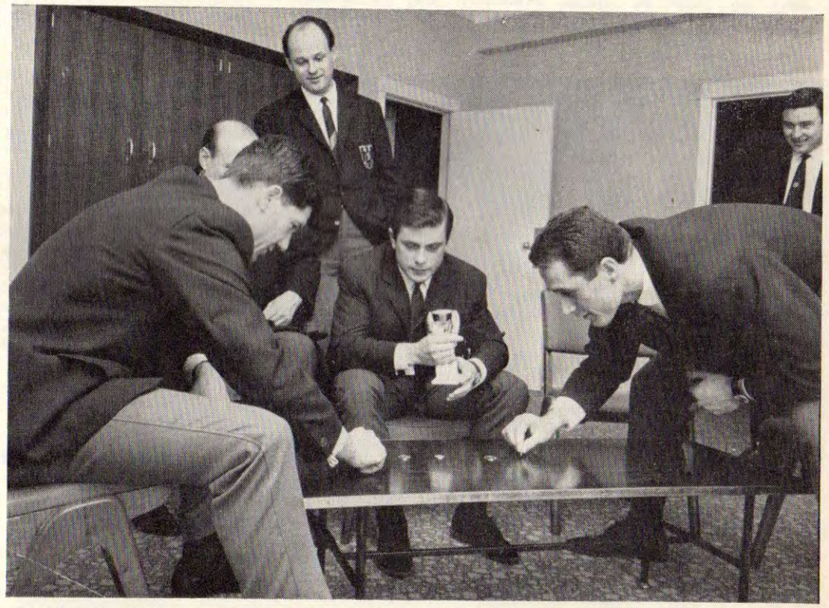
The conditions are contained in a demanding 22-point list. Special attention is being paid to ground capacity, covered and seating facilities.

Basically these are: minimum capacity 60,000, of which half will be in seats and two-thirds under cover.

At the moment only seven grounds in the country look like meeting the conditions: Berlin (94,320), Hannover (74,800), Stuttgart (74,700), Hamburg (71,000), Frankfurt (71,800), Ludwickshaven (65,000) and Nuremberg (64,000).

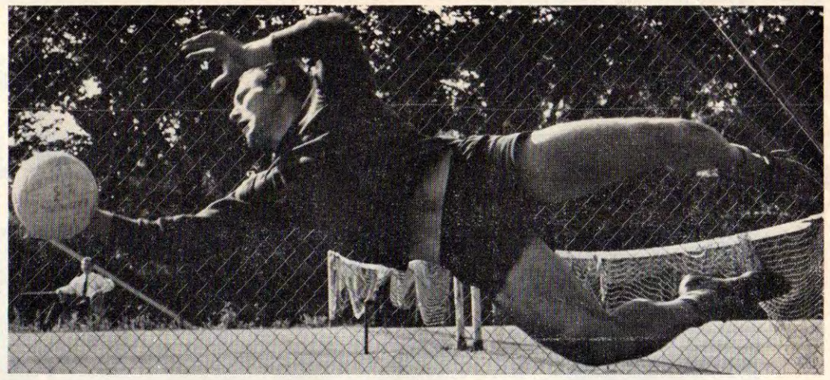
Even then huge sums will have to be spent on them improving the facilities, increasing seating capacity and building new enclosures.

And the Final itself? That looks like going to Munich where the country's most modern stadium is being built for the 1972 Olympic Games.



When the Germans came to England in February 1966 for an international against England prior to the World Cup they brought a replica of the cup itself. In this picture Fredy Heiss is holding it. Others shown are standing Dr. Gerhardt (team manager) while Horst Szymaniak and Hans Tilkowski (right) play table-top soccer doubtless "marks" and "half-marks." (A.)

Budapest:
Ferencvaros—Liverpool 1–0
Liverpool:
Ferencvaros—Liverpool 1–0
Budapest:
Ferencvaros—Atletico Bilbao 2–1
Bilbao:
Ferencvaros—Atletico Bilbao 2–1



NEWS FROM HUNGARY

Too many 'cream cakes'

by LESLIE VERNON

FOUR consecutive victories for the Hungarians in the Fairs' Cup with a curious and significant twist—the home and away "legs" were won by exactly the same scores! So, the hitherto poor travellers, Ferencvaros, have finally learned the obvious lesson, that the ball is round everywhere, and when 11 players face another 11, it should not really matter whether the crowd shouts in Spanish or Hungarian.

I have always believed that the incredible differences between home and away results achieved by teams are due mainly to psychological factors and with a correct approach could be minimised. Nevertheless, by now the Press and public are truly indoctrinated and results are judged solely on the basis of the venue.

Consequently, the narrow home victory against Bilbao was considered a failure. Admittedly, the green and whites only played up to their reputation in the first 45 minutes. During this period, a Karaba centre was headed home by Albert (15 minutes) and following a bad foul on Rakosi, Novak, ace of the penalty-takers, tricked Iribar (30 minutes) and made the half-time score 2-0.

The second half was a niggly, unpleasant affair; the tired and stale (!) Hungarians allowed themselves to be dragged down to the "petty-fouling" standards of the Spaniards and Aranguren (60 minutes) reduced the arrears. This unconvincing victory, preceded and followed by equally uninspiring League displays, did not augur well for the return trip to "dusty" Spain.

That was the adjective the Ferencvaros players used when they had to abandon their plane in Madrid to complete the journey overnight by train to the Basque country. But all's well ... although Betzuen "equalised" for Bilbao, young Branikovics and the ageless Dr. Fenyvesi scored, thus putting "Fradi" into the semi-finals.

This qualification was a very welcome tonic to the Hungarian football fans, who were in great need of some consolation following the annual humiliation in the European Champions' Cup.

Vasas, a team which "left its heart in South America", greeted the Benfica "draw", originally, with undiluted joy. But by the time the ties were actually played, the situation had changed considerably. The Hungarian champions could not recapture their earlier sparkle; two key players, Meszoly and Farkas, were especially disappointing.

On the other hand, all the Benfica stars made miraculous recoveries from injuries, illnesses and suspensions. In Budapest, Coluna and Co. almost contemptuously brushed aside the feeble attempts of the Vasas forwards (0-0) and in Lisbon the genius of Eusebio was once again in evidence.

Speed

This football paragon scored twice (48 minutes and 70 minutes) with a bullet-like shot and a free-kick of incredible speed and accuracy, and Torres put the last nail (77 minutes) into the Hungarians' coffin. This painful defeat and the poor standard of play in the opening weeks of the League campaign had a depressing effect in football circles.

A gloomy and pessimistic atmosphere descended on the scene, the doubting Thomases came forward in great numbers declaring that last year's good results were only mirages, the whole structure of the domestic game should be changed and Hungarian football is doomed to suffer for ever from an incurable illness called "eliminatis quarter-finalitis".

With the vital clashes against the Soviet Union looming ahead, this was a defeatist, unreasonable philosophy and national team manager, Karoly Soos, did his best to dispel the fears.

"We must believe in ourselves," he said. "One defeat on club level does not mean that the national team is declining. Hungary can and will progress in the European Championship. The public must have patience, understanding and above all they must encourage the players. On the other hand, I haven't seen League football in this country for some time (Soos has spent seven years in East Germany) and I must say that I'm rather disappointed with the level of football. The worst aspect is that I haven't seen any real, orthodox wing play. I think that good wingers are very important in modern football; these are the players who can break through and disorganise the present-day massed defences."

Soos is right. There is no cause for despondency. Early season form is always variable and the players are still suffering the after-effects of the unnecessary long winter tours. Gyula Rakosi, skipper of Ferencvaros, who also hit a bad patch, put it this way: "I love to play football, but this non-stop 12 months a year playing period is too much. It is like giving a child cream cakes every day — no matter how much he likes it, he will be longing for a change after a while."

I agree. The star players have had far too many "cream cakes" during the last few seasons and it is about time that the moguls of the Hungarian FA cut down on these over-long sojourns in South America.

Despite his poor form, Rakosi is included in the "top 20" nominated to form the international squad. Interesting new names amongst the candidates include goalkeeper Fater, wing-half Menczel and a young forward from Szeged, Mihaly Kozma. Janos Gorocs is also back in favour—deservedly—as he is playing brilliantly for Ujpesti Dozsa.

Another familiar name in the squad is that of "grandad" Sandor Matrai, who stiffened the newly promoted "Egyetertes" defence to such an extent that they haven't conceded a single goal during their first four matches. In fact, they look like developing into a Hungarian "Mantova" with this "depressing" opening record: 0-0, 0-0, 1-0, 0-0.

The other newcomers to the First Division, Sz. Videoton, are shaping well and getting large crowds for their home matches. Ujpesti Dozsa slowed down after a devastating start (5-0, 5-0) but they are still table-toppers and Szentmihalyi (*pictured*) in goal hasn't been beaten yet!

New manager, Preiner, brought much vaunted improvement to Honved and Ferenc Sipos is fast regaining his international form as the "old man" of a rejuvenated defence. The goal-scoring rate is disastrously low — 2-5. Albert (Ferencvaros) and Korsos (Vasas) are leading the goal-scorers' chart with five goals each.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Ujpesti Dozsa	**4**	**3**	**1**	**–**	**11**	**0**	**7**
Honved	4	3	1	–	7	1	7
Ferencvaros	4	4	1	–	12	5	7
Vasas	4	3	–	1	14	6	6
Egyetertes	4	1	3	–	1	0	5
Szeged	4	2	1	1	5	5	5
M.T.K.	4	1	2	1	4	3	4
Szombathely	4	2	–	2	4	7	4
Sz. Videoton	4	2	–	2	3	9	4
Dunaujvaros	4	1	1	2	5	7	3
Salgotarjan	4	1	1	2	6	9	3
Pecs	4	–	3	1	2	5	3
Csepel	4	1	–	3	1	4	2
Diosgyor	4	1	–	3	1	5	2
Tatabanya	4	–	1	3	3	9	1
Gyor	4	–	1	3	1	5	1

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